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THE HOMECOMING.

Bare and grey is the old quay side
 Where the ruined lighthouse stands;
 Far in the channel the tall ships pass,
 For the wind-swept jetty is thick with
 grass,
 And the harbour gates lie deep in the
 sand
 Where the barques once swung to the
 tide.

Black stand the piles at the harbor
 mouth
 Where the long weeds eddy and trail;
 I can hear the swirl that the swift tide
 makes
 As the sea runs back from the moor-
 ing stakes
 Where once the ships rode safe from
 the gale
 When the storm winds shrieked from
 the south.

But there comes a time when the black
 night falls
 And the singing tide runs high,
 When all the village is wrapped in
 sleep,
 That the ships come sailing back from
 the deep—
 From the deep where their rotting
 timbers lie,
 Home to the harbor walls.

The foam leaps white on the dim sea-
 shore
 And the gates swing wide to the sea;
 Down the channel the tall ships ride
 To the broken pier and the jetty side,
 To the resting-place where they fain
 would be
 When the storm and strife are o'er.

I have seen the gleam of their riding
 lights
 Pale in the young moon's glow,
 And here was a great ship home from
 the line,
 And a clipper there from the Argen-
 tine,
 And a North Sea schooner curtsying
 low,
 When the night wind stirred from the
 heights.
 And oh! I have seen the ghost-ships
 pass

When the wan clouds flush to the day;
 Like mists from the Chaunel the tall
 ships fade
 In the hungry seas where their bones
 are laid,
 And only the dawn hangs heavy and
 grey
 And the chill wind stirs in the grass.

T. L. B.

THE MOUNTAINS.

I heard them talk of the mountains,
 The kind and innocent folk:
 Something troubled the fountains,
 The grief in my heart awoke.

My heart was a heart that broke;
 Something troubled the fountains;
 The grief in my heart awoke
 When they talked of the mountains.

Over the mountain blue,
 By the fields and the winding boreen,
 I walked and I talked with you
 In days that are over, asthoreen.

We walked together, asthoreen,
 When the blackbird sang in the dew;
 As we talked by the fields and the
 boreen
 My heart was a bird that flew.

Now it is heavy as lead,
 No matter how fine the weather;
 It falls like a thing that's dead
 That once was light as a feather.

We walked and we talked together
 And pleasant the things we said:
 The larks sprang out of the heather,
 Och, many's the tears I've shed!

The kind and innocent people
 Discourse of the mountains still,
 I think of a low grey steeple
 And the grass lying under the hill.
 Ochone,—these Summers are chill!

They were meaning nothing, the
 people.
 My heart went crying its fill
 For a new grave under the steeple.

Katharine Tynan.

The Eye-Witness.

WOODROW WILSON.

That Woodrow Wilson was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1910 was a surprise. It is a shock, now to find him President-elect of the United States. Already his nascent political career is destined to be more than an episode in American history. Through all the uncertainties of contemporary affairs, the inexactitudes of politics, and above the murk of party conflict, our new President now stands exposed. After little more than two years of active political life, he has received the most potential executive position and wide authority within the gift of any civilized community. Such facts might well indicate the hasty judgment of an unschooled, bolsterous people, greeting a returning hero, or suggest some subterranean, Yankee scheme. But in this case recent history is not fiction; and Woodrow Wilson is a scholar who values truth.

Here stands a Southerner, Scots-Irish by descent, a Presbyterian, till lately a Professor and University President, lithe, barely more than slight in figure, stern-eyed, with a long, strong, lean face which is wrinkled both by laughter and by his fifty-six years. He has already taught and written history and politics, has understood the academic dialect, and has met with men of affairs. Above all, he has been learning, quite rapidly of late; but in his vigorous school of statesmanship he is still both just and obstinate, as undergraduates at Princeton University, nearly twenty years ago, always knew him to be. Some of us will never forget that portentous wagging of his forefinger as he talked of government as well as of liberty; though we frankly marvelled at the simple diction which made confusion clear, and showed us that character was no mere question of report, but a matter of fact.

Nevertheless, it is a shock to find that Woodrow Wilson is to be President, slowly to realize that in some fashion or other, by honest yet adroit marshalling of forces widely different, a man not wholly uncommon in American life, has become a new sort of political leader. This leadership is perhaps the supreme factor; but its results do not lie entirely in Mr. Wilson. Yet for the present there follows, not biography, but merely a survey of the way in which the new President studied his lessons, and thus gained an unusual equipment for his next occupation.

In the "seventies," as an undergraduate at Princeton, his lasting view of English institutions began; and three of his soundest essays in later years were on Adam Smith,¹ Burke, and Bagehot.² Already the germ of his most important book was embodied in an article on Government in America and in England, which was published³ as Mr. Wilson left the University at the age of twenty-three. His study of law and his year at Atlanta, Georgia, where he tried to be a lawyer, finally sent him to places where both by books and men he might better study the realities of government. He received his research degree at Johns Hopkins University in 1886; and while there he finished his volume on *Congressional Government*, in which his undergraduate ideas gained fuller expression. In these years Mr. Bryce first knew him, and later profited by his suggestions in the *American Commonwealth*. The ordinary duties of a University lecturer, first in a woman's college and later elsewhere, did not check his production of a small book

¹ In "An Old Master and Other Essays," 1898.

² In "More Literature and Other Essays," 1896.

³ "International Review," August, 1879.

on American history,⁴ nor of his larger text-book,⁵ in which, by review and survey of constitutional and administrative organization in other countries besides the United States, he cleared the way for the exposition of his own conception of historical and practical politics. Turning from politics to history, the *Biography of Washington*⁶ preceded his most pretentious work, a five-volume *History of the American People*.⁷ His best friends wish he had not published either. Not that he is wrong on many points; but that from such a man we had a right to expect better work. In both there is often the suggestion of effort, a reaching out for effect; certainly in neither does he handle adequately the facts, which he knows are at the basis of all history, and naturally of every life.

In the meantime, chiefly in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but also elsewhere, came essays which on the whole gave real notion of a mind that was traveling. On all hands, in the last fifteen years, Mr. Wilson has been in demand as the orator of the occasion, as representative at semi-public dinners of Princeton, or of other educational and national corporations. Some of his soundest, most mirthful thoughts are now almost hidden in the files of newspapers. But no lover of good English style failed, wherever he might be, to hope for a correct version of what Mr. Wilson had somewhere casually said the night before. This audience of young men with whom almost unconsciously Mr. Wilson has for years "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," has also learned that here was a very human man. However, none of those citizens who were not undergraduates at Princeton in the "nineties" can ap-

preciate the fashion in which we then deferred to him. As first year men, still at least two years remote from the privileges of his lectures, unknown to him, puzzled and almost rebellious at the requirements of an academic curriculum, two impatient youths went to see him to "talk things over." They came back disappointed, obliged yet encouraged to stay by the hard line of University regulations, but the venturesome experience was then summarized by the undergraduate exclamation: "Anyhow, he is the most everlastingly fair man I ever talked with."

Intellectually and morally, there was in those days no court of appeal from Mr. Wilson's modest opinion. Yet technically he was not a great teacher. His crowded lectures were wonderful, especially when he broke from his scheduled definitions; but he did not then bend himself to the common yet essential give-and-take of education. Later years showed that he understood teaching as, first of all, a social experience and enjoyment. His administrative contributions to education in America are certain to endure; but it is difficult for a prophet to be a professor. Already his vision of the relation of morals to politics had become clearer. In one way or another I think most of us caught the possibility of that vision from him. It was often difficult to associate great problems with his simple statements; but his very simplicity compelled us to bow to his dignity. Nevertheless, the connection of a professor with real politics was still remote to our minds; though we always stood in awe of him.

In 1902, after twelve years as a professor at Princeton University, Mr. Wilson inevitably became its President. There had been much talk about rejuvenation and enlargement of Princeton's older academic life; and some appreciation of the problems which such stimulus might produce. Rapidly new

⁴ "Division and Reunion, 1829-1889," 1893.

⁵ "The State, 1889."

⁶ 1896.

⁷ 1902.

buildings became part of the group of old and whispering halls, till to-day there is nothing in America to compare with Princeton for charm and historical suggestion. Throughout this costly period of expansion there still remained the question whether Princeton was ultimately to be, first of all, a university of chiselled stone and happy boys, or of men as well as of thought.

No one who has come in conflict with the polite traditions of an historically intellectual community can fail to sympathize with Job. Mr. Wilson's firmness with old friends, his determination to seek a short cut to realities, and his failure to appreciate the ultimate problems involved by some of his policies shortly gave him the reputation of a visionary, tactless master. Unfortunately, his term as University President culminated in an unlovely quarrel; but the details of such a dispute do not at present concern us. The net results, as far as we may now judge them, belong in any case to an interesting chapter in the history of American education; and, even in bare summary, they may give us a line of approach to estimate the next President of the United States.

Mr. Wilson led in the restoration of Princeton as a home for scholars; he also had a notion that boys should have a better chance to meet with dons; and he was concerned that, in a University, men of all sorts should in natural, social ways continually lay their minds side by side, under proper guidance, in order that all might profit. The methods which he chose for all these purposes were possibly faulty; at all events he roused the provincial, social conservatism of the college, while he sought to lead its inherent democracy. Thus he attacked a problem older than Oxford or Cambridge, while possibly he had not thought his policies out to a wise and practical conclusion. The result

was turmoil, in which personal as well as educational and social factors played their part. Throughout those acrimonious months he gave the impression of an eager, determined man, who was sometimes undiplomatic, but never cowardly. With this equipment from such matters Mr. Wilson, at the end of 1910, rapidly passed to the direction of larger affairs as Governor of New Jersey. At Princeton a large minority of the faculty and trustees had in one way or another opposed him. Now he met a population of more than two million people and the few entrenched directors of their laws.

Such a transition as then took place was unprecedented in modern American history. Traditionally, we might recall Cincinnatus. Actually, we can at least understand that some of the political leaders of the State had come to believe that with Mr. Wilson as the chief candidate on their party ticket they would win. In addition, larger forces in American politics had indicated that a man similar to Mr. Wilson would be successful in a short, sharp, and significant political campaign. There had been some discussion of Mr. Wilson as an eventual candidate for the national Presidency; but few had taken it seriously. At all events, Mr. Wilson met his first public test, and, profiting in 1910 by widespread dissatisfaction with Republican policies, was elected Governor of New Jersey.

As in the case of his previous office a mere summary may suggest the next stage. The people of New Jersey had been a prosperous community, chiefly interested in the affairs of New York and Pennsylvania, by whose borders their province was largely bounded. Local politics were at times influenced by a few traffic organizations, and the State had become the legal home of corporations, some of which, throughout the Federal Union, had flouted

rising public opinion. As Governor, Mr. Wilson first declared that the apparent preference of an awakened electorate must overrule the ambition of one of his recent chief supporters to be a United States senator. In this, as possibly in future incidents, Mr. Wilson refused to understand gratitude in the hitherto common *patois* of American politics. Then followed a rapid succession of important and not always delightful experiences to the political directors of New Jersey. The new Governor denied that by his office he was debarred from an active initiation in legislation; and, when opposed in its enactment, he appealed to the people from any cloistered understanding as to politics on the part of those who had controlled the recent history of New Jersey. The nascent forces of public opinion, and a certain pleased surprise on the part of the middle classes, carried him to victory with scarcely an exception.

The next eighteen months thus brought Governor Wilson to one of the most remarkable conflicts in American party history. At Baltimore, last July, on the forty-sixth ballot in a tumultuous party convention, he was finally chosen as Democratic nominee for the Presidency. He emerged from that convention free from political entanglements, carried to victory largely by adroit, persistent, and also lucky tactics on the part of a group of comparatively unknown young men, who were learning to be successful politicians, though they remained honest. Their influence is destined to be a powerful and healthy tonic to American political life.

Even a summary of this story is impossible here; the full tale of these days and nights and months would be almost epic. Already the Republican party had broken in two; soon Mr. Roosevelt was to become the Presidential nominee of a new political party; the false heat

of conflict was to lead to an attempt to murder him; almost on the eve of election day vice-President Sherman, candidate of the Republican party for re-election, died. And all the while a national campaign was in progress.

On November 5th Mr. Wilson was elected President; he had travelled rapidly from a leisurely village to a national position, as a democracy had doubtfully come to trust an expert. But Mr. Wilson's success was not the victory of merely the expert, for Mr. Wilson has not over much respect for commissioners and bureaucrats. He does not suffer bores gladly or easily. As Mr. Taft has been grieved that men did not applaud what had been done for them, as Mr. Roosevelt was determined that men should accept what he hoped to accomplish, so Mr. Wilson was concerned that men, ordinary men, should learn to think that he and they might agree as to what ought to be done. On the whole, Mr. Wilson's test was the most extraordinary, the hardest, test that American democracy has endured since Lincoln's day. I am by no means sure that the millions who have indirectly voted for him, that even a comparatively small element in his huge but active majority, understand what he has suggested.

Briefly, he has proposed the restoration of the efficacy of individual judgment in America. Frankly, it is an amazing proposal. That judgment he hopes will be founded on morals; and such a morality must be governed both by a respect for the liberty of others and a willingness to assume personal responsibility for the enjoyment of one's own liberty. This he declares must naturally belong to the translation of law and of morals into terms of modern business. Not often enough has the like been known in our day or generation. But he has said that in his judgment we Americans "are to keep or lose our place of distinction

among the nations by keeping or losing our faith in the practicability of individual liberty."⁸ What results, what victories or disappointments can the years hold out to a man with such a vision, such a judgment!

He proposes that men should take counsel together, that all sorts of us should try to agree as to what ought to be done; by glaring publicity he thinks that men who are our spokesmen will do as most of us really want them to do. If this may be disagreeable for them, how much more difficult for us, who will have to make up our minds as to what ought to be done? The practical results of such theory may be more than annoying. Yet Mr. Wilson is, to a considerable degree, responsible for the possible victory of such ancient American sentiments. Much as he cares for liberty, many of us who voted for him thought first of his leadership.

Possibly it is as well that we did so; but in connection with his stimulating ideas there continue four factors. The first is Mr. Wilson's own character and methods. I doubt if he knows how dominant he is. In serene years, at Princeton as University President, and as the Governor who led New Jersey once more to be a respectable political community, he has shown a force, an obstinacy, an uncompromising quality which deserve consideration. We are still to learn how well the next President can be a part of a national, an imperial government. It is encouraging that the American people have begun to believe in Mr. Wilson; it is essential that he shall be able to hold in allegiance the chief lieutenants in his party. These will be sorely puzzled at times to understand, especially if they do not always approve, some of his plans; and in entering the White House Mr. Wilson is also entering a school

of patience. A more or less willing co-operation is fundamental to the practical success of his political philosophy; and his critics, many of his friends, are alive to this matter. His study windows have been open; and he has hitherto done his work as the hum from the street has reached his ears. Will he, can he now, distinguish the various sounds which will swell into a roar as, for the next four years, he marches along with the nation?

The new President is a reformer, else he would not be President; and several years ago, in a brief, human essay,* Professor Wilson commented: "Great should be the joy of the world over every reformer who comes to himself;" he added, "the practicability of every reform is determined absolutely and always by 'the circumstances of the case,' and only those who put themselves into the midst of affairs, either by action or by observation, can know what these circumstances are, or perceive what they signify. No statesman dreams of doing what he pleases. . . ." However, Mr. Wilson must now bring observation into action while he adds to his observation further knowledge.

A second factor is the National Democratic party, which, since the Civil War, has been victorious at a Presidential Election only in 1884 and 1892. Its opportunity is now rich; but long opposition has scarcely trained it to know itself. One section of the party has drawn its power from the home of some of the worst things in American life; disreputable political machines and rotten newspapers in more than one city have reached out to touch State politics, and through them national affairs. On the other hand, the large Southern division of the party was solidified in the almost despairing years after the Civil War, when so many of the Southern States

* "Politics, 1857-1907," in "Atlantic Monthly," November, 1907.

† "When a Man comes to Himself," in the "Century Magazine," June, 1901.

were administered by former slaves and by Republican conquerors from Washington. More recently new economic forces, at work throughout the country, have rapidly influenced the life of the planter. An industrial South now modifies the sectionalism of Southern Democracy, though the older habits of politics still linger. The party here is still conservative; not entirely appreciative of the rise of the new American radicalism. This progressive spirit is not exclusively Western, though it has looked to its Western leader, Mr. Bryan; he has been a great moral force though a beaten candidate, while he has for years preached his gallant heresies. In recent years "insurgent" Republican leaders have also stimulated both parties till, in some Western States, it is impossible for a Tory candidate of whatever party to be successful. This progressive spirit has also been winning victories in Eastern States, and has become a national, independent force. Furthermore, these divergent elements have a central corps of sober men who have kept the faith and fought for years in many defeats. To-day in their happiness in the final victory of their old party it would be difficult for some of them to define their ideas. So from noisome dens of American politics, from sedate homes in the South, some of which have felt a new prosperity, from the victorious battle-fields of national as well as of Western progressive forces, and also from quieter places, the Democratic Party has marched into power. It is with this party that Mr. Wilson is to try to govern this nation.

The results in this three-cornered fight have made the election returns from various States difficult of diagnosis. Yet those results constitute the third factor in this general political problem. United States Senators are still elected by State legislatures; and a third of the Senate must now be

elected. At present the Senate is Republican by a narrow margin. But it is not a mere party question; for because of the practically equal constitutional powers of legislation enjoyed by both Houses of the Federal Legislature, we have found that the initiation of finance bills in the Lower House has made small difference. The power of amendment even to Money Bills has given the Senate the upper hand. Thus, the man in the street speaks of the last Tariff Bill as the Aldrich Bill rather than as the Payne Bill. Incidentally, Mr. Aldrich in the Senate, and Mr. Payne in the House of Representatives, are both destined for rapid retirement from power. If, however, by the votes of either Republican or Democratic Senators, we should endure a check to the best results of Mr. Wilson's victory, an immense stimulus would be given to an attack upon the Senate and its powers as to finance. Anyone can, therefore, judge how important these State elections may be; but at this stage of a *crescendo* campaign no one is obliged to do more than mention this question. The great size of the Democratic majority in the Lower House is also not a good thing; for it will make the party harder to manage, and less efficient as an instrument of sound policies.

Nevertheless, still a fourth factor is the problem which confronts these oddly assorted, and not finally determined, partners. The tariff, the "trusts," and the currency have at the same time become national troubles. The discussion of each might crowd useless volumes; certainly here, and in view of what Mr. Wilson has said, all three can be reduced to a single problem. This Mr. Wilson has not solved by eager promises during the campaign, by solemn economic formulas, nor by fixed schedules which have yet to pass a legislature. He has defined the problem in clear terms of his phil-

osophy; and, strangely, we have trusted that novel political method; perhaps because others have been so disappointing.

He says that we are not free. In tariff legislation, in the laws regarding "trusts," and in the potential existence of the "concentration and control of credit," and thus of the usefulness of the currency, he sees one sinister force. This is the corrupt use of political power for private gain. It is not the bigness of a business which he fears; it is that sort of power which "springs out of advantages" which able men "have not created for themselves." The tariff system in the United States has become a system of favors which the phraseology of the schedule was "often deliberately contrived to conceal." He therefore proposes immediate tariff revision, "unhesitating and steadily downward," because, in order to unloose real national and individual efficiency, the competition of those who are efficient must be freed from the control of men whose advantage unduly arises from their power to influence public legislation in "committee rooms and conferences," without consideration of the common interest and without opportunity for intelligent men to know what is being done. This requirement of publicity, and the test of common rather than of class interest, he feels can do much to clear the way to the solution of other problems. In any case, "men do not cease to be individuals by becoming the officers of corporations." If penalties for the violation of laws, tested by common interest, are imposed on individuals, representative government can be preserved as an efficient instrument of individual liberty. The currency question "must be discussed and settled in the interest of those who use credit, produce the crops, manufacture the goods, and quicken the commerce of the nation, rather than in the interest

of the banker and the promoter, and the captain of finance." The same principle of equality of opportunity, of hostility to special privilege, obtains in all these matters.

It is evident, even by such an inadequate and unauthorized summary, that Mr. Wilson's character and methods, the diverse composition of the Democratic Party, the temporary uncertainty as to the Senate, and the existence of complicated economic questions, together constitute a doubtful problem for any student of contemporary politics. Fortunately, prophecy is not required. We are not sure what laws may be enacted; but many of us understand that a principle is not only involved, but is fundamental in whatever may be done.

That principle is the liberation of men, not necessarily from all the varied economic and social evils of modern life, but from the results of a Government which has lent its powers to particular groups of people merely for their own profit. The tendency of some recent American legislation has been to sap our private morality and national efficiency by suggesting an undue dependence on Government. Thus few things have so much implied socialism as the tariff legislation under Mr. Taft, for that legislation has stimulated speculation as to the possibilities of Government regulation in varied fields and for more public ends. A failure for Mr. Wilson's principle and the extension of government under Mr. Roosevelt might logically, if ludicrously, suggest not only the regulation, perhaps the ownership, of public utilities by the Government, but also the tabulation of morals and of individual obligations by a corps of statisticians in some Government bureau. At all events, the election of Mr. Wilson proposes a renewed opportunity to judge to what extent we can still avoid Mr. Roosevelt's scheme for the regu-

lation of wages and prices under certain conditions by law, or by a Government commission. This scheme I more than surmise is in part, though perhaps unconsciously, descended from the Statute of Laborers, after the Black Death of 1349, and from the powers exercised by eighteenth-century magistrates under the principles of the Elizabethan Poor Law.

As a comment on the irony of comparative politics, we can see that the severest attacks against a protective tariff are by Mr. Wilson, a critic of socialism and of unnecessary Government administrative commissions. In more sober language, the alternative between an ideal of liberty and of individual responsibility on the one hand, and on the other a rapid development of Government control and of a bureaucracy, is fundamentally involved in our future politics. Practically, Mr. Wilson must in domestic politics find a way by his leadership to make his party sufficiently radical to secure the enactment of legislation which will be above suspicion of private influence, and which will begin in clear fashion a freer *régime* in economic and political life. Otherwise, he and his party are politically doomed. For one thing they will lose the support of the young men.

Meanwhile, one aspect of Mr. Wilson's election stands clear. It is the first time in many years that the Southern States have had a chance to vote for a victorious President; and that is a matter for national rejoicing. Furthermore, the nascent division between East and West has become at the least uncertain. The study of the electoral map would suggest that, though we are a federal empire, a national conviction had brought us almost to unity. But that is not necessarily so. The analysis of the votes cast for varied parties, the local reasons for these results, and the personal influences which are involved indicate

the material for much study. At the end of a bitter campaign we inevitably find that old ties of social and sectional adhesion have broken; even if Mr. Wilson had not won we would have entered on a new stage in our national history; and now that the Democratic Party is in power we wonder what may be before us. Incidentally, out of the present flux of American parties there may emerge, just as there seems to be disappearing in England, a two-party system based on really opposing radical and conservative principles; but in America we observers can as yet scarcely tell which party is to be radical and also successful.

In any case Mr. Wilson, as President, is also an important if unknown factor in foreign policy. At least four Americans have had in official positions a chance to live in England before they became Presidents, though none of them within the last half-century. Certainly none of them ever had the chance that Mr. Wilson has had in a private capacity to become acquainted with England. He has often spent his quiet holidays near Grasmere; and many Englishmen have come to see him at Princeton. According to the story, his first real interest in government came to him as a boy by reading in English politics. That study is now part of him, the marrow of his being; and he is the better American for being steeped in the best traditions of English law and history. His mind is certain to be careful in foreign politics, to aim first towards diplomatic, equitable, and judicial settlement of disputes. Furthermore, he looks to the "establishment of a foreign policy based upon justice and good will, rather than mere commercial exploitation and the selfish interests of a narrow circle of financiers extending their enterprises to the ends of the earth." His firmness, his knowledge of history as well as of international law, will remain a

buttress both to his hatred of war and to his natural, determined Americanism.

The general result is plain; and now in the jubilant moment of Mr. Wilson's political victory we can recall after many years (by paraphrase) his clear belief: Christianity, he said, gave the image of right living, the secret of all life, the way to serve the world and

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be happy in it. Thus a man might know the significance of his own powers, and when tired find refreshment. By such faith, he concluded, "fretfulness passes away, experience mellows and strengthens and makes more fit, and old age brings not senility, not satiety, not regret, but higher hope and serene maturity."

Alfred L. P. Dennis.

THE KING OF ROUMANIA.

When traveling in Roumania, I chanced one day to pay a visit to a village high up in the Carpathians, a region where in winter wolves, and even bears, must still be reckoned with. To my surprise I found there a large school, with well-appointed classrooms, in which more than a hundred bright-eyed, intelligent-looking boys and girls were hard at work. They had not a shoe or a stocking among them, although many of them must have had a long tramp that morning; and had every rag they were been put up for auction, the lot would not have cleared ten shillings even in Petticoat Lane. Some of them, too, to judge by their faces, would have been all the better, perhaps, for a little more solid food. Still, they were as clean as hands could make them, even those who were gipsies; they were full of life and energy, too, alert and agile as squirrels. They could run and jump with the best; and what was most significant, could fight their own battles as stoutly, and laugh as heartily, as any child in the Yorkshire dales. And their wits were as keen, I discovered, as their bodies were active; they could all read, write, and reckon; a fair percentage knew the name of the English King, and the form of government in force in France. One boy had a quite astounding amount of information

concerning America to impart, while a little maiden of seven repeated some verses with great aplomb. They are children, in fact, of whom any nation might well be proud; yet they belong to a race which, until King Carol took it in hand, was counted among the most hopelessly demoralized and ignorant in Europe. Many of their own near relatives were serfs once upon a time, mere beasts of burden, hardly knowing their right hand from their left.

When, nearly half a century ago now, Prince Charles Hohenzollern, in defiance alike of threats, warnings, and entreaties, threw in his lot with the Roumanians, they were in the very slough of despond. They were the vassals of the Turkish Sultan, for whose dominions even then other Powers were scrambling: for years Austria and Russia had been playing with them as cats play with mice; while Greeks had combined with Turks in pillaging them; and Poles with Magyars in seeking to corrupt them. Those of their own household were among their worst enemies; for their Boyards were not of the stuff of which rulers are made, and yet were unwilling to be subjects. Sovereign after sovereign had been overturned with as little scruple as if they had been nine-pins; and the result was, of course, chaos in

every department of the State. The public exchequer was empty, for not only was the country in dire poverty, but corruption was rife there; and credit it had practically none. The only Roumanians who had money were the Boyards; and for every penny they spent in Bucharest, they spent ten at least in Paris. The peasants hardly knew what it was to have enough to eat, even when the harvest was good; and they were brought face to face with starvation at once, and died off like flies, when the crops failed, so ruthlessly were they exploited. For come what would, the tribute must be sent to Constantinople; and the burden of providing it was imposed on them.

What was worst of all, the great mass of the nation, the whole nation, indeed, with the exception of some three or four statesmen and their little group of followers, had lost faith and hope. Their country had served so long as a bone of contention to their neighbors—had been buffeted about and gnawed at, as it were—that they had ceased to believe in themselves or to count on the coming of better days. For centuries they had fought a good fight; no people, perhaps, a better; but they were at the end of their strength: their hearts had begun to fail them, for the oppression to which they had so long been subjected had told on them mentally as well as morally. They were become degenerate, in fact, and were much too anxious to be left in peace to trouble themselves much on what terms. National sentiment was practically dead among them; patriotism was a word without meaning. Had Russia, or any other strong Power, chosen to annex their country, they would hardly have raised a protest.

It is when one thinks of the Roumanians of half a century ago and compares them with the Roumanians of

to-day, that one best realizes what a great work King Carol has wrought among them. There is not a more patriotic race in Europe than theirs to-day, not a race more tenacious of its rights, more self-respecting. Even the peasants, they who then were just emerging from serfdom, and had still all the vices and weaknesses of serfs, can take their place, now, side by side with the peasants of the most cultured nation on terms of perfect equality. The elder brothers and sisters of those bright-eyed school children are quite on a par with them in all respects excepting book-learning; while even between them and their fathers and mothers the difference is by no means marked.

I was once in a provincial town in Roumania when the *prefet* was enrolling the year's conscripts. They came flocking in from the whole countryside, straight from the plough, as it seemed; and a smart, fine-looking set of young fellows they were. The most interesting feature about them, however, was the manifest eagerness with which they responded to the *prefet's* call; there was not a laggard among them, not a man who seemed to join the flag reluctantly. Yet Roumanians are no lovers of war; on the contrary, they are devotedly attached to peace; only, as one who is in close touch with them explained, they realize the importance of learning how to fight well, now that they have a country of their own to fight for.

Even the Roumanians of an older generation, they who once were serfs, in fact if not in name, seem to have adapted themselves to their circumstances, and to play effectively any rôle the fates call on them to play. Nothing brings home to one more clearly how completely the old state of things has passed away in Roumania, than to see peasants meting out as magistrates justice to their fellows, and

treating on equal terms with Boyards whose good pleasure used to be the only law they knew. They are the communal authorities now, and thoroughly well do they for the most part do their work. When going about among them one comes across, at every turn, good administrators as well as men of marked intelligence. Were they but as industrious as they are clever they would sweep all before them. Some among them, however, it must be confessed, show much more eagerness in setting their wives to work than in setting to work themselves. Still, men of this type are only relics of the days when there was nothing to be gained by working; taking them as a whole, the peasants are now fairly industrious, while they are very shrewd and clear-headed, kindly to boot. An Englishman who has been working among them for years declares that, in a battle of wits between them and English trade unionists, he should certainly put his money on them, so skilfully can they defend their own interests. Yet, when King Carol first became their ruler, they were to all intents and purposes chattels.

I went to a political meeting when in Bucharest, a meeting at which there were many working men; and I was not a little surprised at the fashion in which they demeaned themselves. They made their way into the hall by twos and threes as quietly and decorously as if they were coming into a church; and they stood there—there were no seats—for two good hours without a sign of impatience, listening the while to the speeches with marked attention, seizing every point as it was made, and cheering it to the echo. It was a time of great political excitement as it happened. None the less, there was from first to last no touch of disorder or rowdiness in the proceedings, no hurling of invectives or

shouting. On the contrary, Exeter Hall never witnessed a meeting conducted more soberly or on more business-like lines. Had Roumania had Parliamentary Government for a thousand years, these latter-day Roumanian politicians, speakers and hearers alike, could not have shown more dignity, or a nicer sense of what is seemly in the treatment of public affairs. Evidently townsmen have undergone as great a change as peasants; for, in the early days of King Carol's reign, the word politician was synonymous with something like Kilkenny cat; and a public meeting meant, as a rule, a free fight.

Nor is it only the people of Roumania who have changed; their circumstances have changed as much as they have: they hold quite a different position in the world now from that which they held in 1866. Then their ruler was a mere vassal prince, now he is an independent sovereign; not only has Roumania thrown off the Turkish yoke, but she has established her right to manage her own affairs without let or hindrance from the Great Powers. Nay, more, thanks to her splendid army, she herself is become, if not a Great Power, at any rate a power with whom the Great Powers must reckon, whose alliance they court. So strong is she now that she can even afford to stand aloof with folded hands while fighting is going on all around her; for she knows that, when the fighting is over, even though she may never have struck a blow, no one will dare deny her her fair share of the spoil.

Roumania is not wealthy even now, but her credit is firmly established, and she has made enormous progress financially of late. In 1866 her whole revenue was only some £2,000,000 a year, now it is over £20,000,000. Then she had not a single railway; now her State railways measure 3,473 kilometres, and one can travel on them as

comfortably as on the Great Northern. There were no banks in the land then, excepting in the capital. It would have been sheer waste of labor, indeed, to establish banks in the country; for, even if a peasant had money, he would have had every tooth in his head drawn out before he would have handed it over to official keeping. At the present time not only are there banks of every kind in the towns, with the great Banca Nationala at their head; but there are banks in the villages, rural banks, organized and worked by the peasants themselves. When King Carol first crossed the Roumanian frontier the peasants there were living in mud huts; now they are better housed than the average agricultural laborer in England or Germany; and in the course of thirty-four years 5,979,000 acres of land have passed into their possession. A bad harvest is still a calamity for the whole nation, of course, but it is not the calamity it used to be; for the farming folk no longer depend entirely on the yield of their land for their daily bread: they have industries to fall back upon. What is most significant of all, in 1866 Roumania spent practically nothing on education; now she spends on it nearly £2,000,000 a year. Meanwhile, she has built thousands of schools, and among them Lycées which rival those of Paris. She has also built two great universities, a splendid faculty of medicine, and museums, libraries, and institutes of all kinds. Could Prince Couza, King Carol's predecessor, pay a visit to his old capital, he would find it altered beyond all recognition.

What gives special interest to this change that has been brought about in Roumania—this national revival, this social and economic reformation—is the fact that it has in a great measure been brought about by the strength of will, energy, and patience of one man; has been brought about, too, in

circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, and in face of the most ruthless opposition. To-day even those among King Carol's subjects who are least in sympathy with him personally, frankly admit that they owe to him as sovereign much gratitude. Now that they see the fruits of his work they acknowledge his skill as a worker; now that his policy is crowned with success, they realize its wisdom. Masses and classes now unite in singing his praises and extolling his rare gifts as ruler. It was not always thus, however; there was a time when he who is now hailed as his country's saviour was dubbed tyrant, was held up to public execration as a traitor, and had every form of insult hurled at him. There was a time when even his own ministers treated him as if he had been their hired servant; told him roundly that, unless he did their will, they would dethrone him; and even hinted that, if he did not change his ways, they might deal with him as the Mexican Emperor was dealt with. There is probably not another Prince alive to-day who, had he been treated as King Carol was treated by a section of his subjects, during the first six years of his reign, would not have shaken the dust of Roumania from off his feet and left her to her fate. "Perhaps there are not many who have had and have my patience," he once wrote to his father, *à propos* of Prince Alexander of Battenberg.

When in March, 1866, after Prince Couza had been dethroned, a plébiscite was taken in Roumania to decide who should be invited to reign there, practically the whole nation voted for Prince Charles Hohenzollern. For, as with their own princes it was a clear case of "Tekel," all parties were bent on having a member of one of the great Royal or Imperial houses as ruler, and he was the only member whom they saw any chance of securing. Besides,

Hohenzollern though he be, he belongs to the democratic branch of the family, the Catholic; and he has French blood in his veins, as one of his grandmothers was a Murat, while the other was Stephanie Beauharnais, Napoleon the First's adopted daughter. And these facts, of course, predisposed the Roumanians, who were then, as always, both democratic and Francophil, to regard him with favor. Then Madame Cornu, whom Napoleon III., was known to use as telephone, had spoken in high praise of him; and Bratiano, the most influential man in the country, had brought back a glowing account when sent to report on him. Thus the one fear in those days, so far as Roumanians were concerned, was that the Prince would decline their invitation. And had he listened to the promptings of prudence he certainly would have declined it; for not only were Turkey, Russia, and Austria determinedly opposed to his accepting it; but all Europe, through the conference that was then sitting in Paris, had solemnly decreed that no foreign prince should be allowed to instal himself in Bucharest. Napoleon III., it is true, favored his making the venture; and so did Prince Bismarck privately, although officially he opposed it; while the Emperor Frederic, then Crown Prince, who was always his warm friend, encouraged him in his wish to make it. For he had a very great wish to make it, not only because he was tired of his life as German officer, but because, as his own "Notes" prove, he felt strongly that the work he was given the chance of doing in Roumania was work well worth doing. He was young in those days, only seven and twenty; and the thought of being able to give a helping hand to this sorely-tried little Balkan nation by securing for it peace and good government—winning spurs for himself, of course, the while—appealed to him with irre-

sistible force. Without saying a word to anyone, he started off for Roumania in disguise; and, after experiencing many adventures, he entered Bucharest, on May 22nd, the whole population turning out to welcome him with enthusiasm.

For twenty-four hours all went merrily as wedding bells: the Prince was as delighted with his new subjects as they were enchanted with their stately, handsome young ruler. Then the awakening began; for he found that a Turkish army was already at Ruscuk and might march on Bucharest any day; and he was warned that at the first sign of disorder Russia would seize one of his provinces and Austria the other—unless her hands were tied by Prussia. He found, too, that Roumania had not a single regiment that could be put into the field owing to the absence of such elementary necessities as guns, to say nothing of shoes, and that there was not a penny in the exchequer wherewith to buy anything, in spite of all the begging and borrowing to which the Finance Minister had had recourse. The salaries of the State officials, military and civil alike, had not been paid for months; and trade, as everything else, was at a standstill for want of money. To make matters worse, he soon had proof that it would not be safe to count too much on the loyalty of those around him; as one of the very men who, in March, had shown most eagerness in promoting his election had already, in April, begun conspiring against him, with a view to installing himself in his place, and had secured the support of several influential Boyards. Thus the difficulty of the task he had undertaken was brought home to him at once: before he had been in Bucharest a month he realized that it was a task that would have taxed the strength and skill of a Bismarck. And he had had no training in statecraft, no experience in dealing

with public affairs; and what little knowledge of life and men he had, had been gained for the most part in Berlin barracks.

King Carol has a rare gift: he is a born adept in *l'art d'être roi*, a statesman and diplomatist by instinct. Were it otherwise never would he have been able to grapple with the difficulties that fell to his lot during those terrible first six years he spent in Roumania. As it is, those years cost him his youth and his *joie de vivre*; before they were at an end, he had lost all pleasure in his work, and would have thrown it aside had it not been for his pride and his stern, high sense of duty. He had become a strong, silent man, one in whom Carlyle's heart would have delighted—even now it is not easy for him to speak of what touches him nearly. His subjects complain sometimes that he is inhuman, so little sympathy has he with human frailty, so completely does he stand aloof from his fellows. He might reply, and quite truthfully, that everything that smacks of humanity has been battered out of him.

If, in those early days, King Carol was disappointed in his subjects, they on their side were equally disappointed in him. That it should be thus was inevitable, indeed, for in their first glow of delight at having a real prince to rule over them, a cousin of the all-powerful French Emperor, they had let their imagination run riot to the detriment of their common sense, and had indulged in the wildest dreams. All Bucharest believed, the day they went forth to bid him welcome, that their troubles were at an end, that they would have no more tribute to send to Constantinople, as their independence would at once be proclaimed, and that foreign capitalists would vie with one another in offering them loans. There was surprise among them, therefore, as well as dismay, when the Prince,

who knew that to throw off allegiance to Turkey was to risk being annexed by Russia, insisted on sending M. Sturdza, his ablest diplomatist, to soothe the Sultan's ruffled feelings and tender him assurances of loyalty; also on going himself later to Constantinople to receive the firman by which his election as ruling prince was formally recognized. Then to their surprise and dismay consternation was added, when they found that foreign capitalists were not one whit more eager to supply them with money than in the old days. The first loan the Prince's Government raised was on ruinous terms: for the 18,500,000 francs they received they had to undertake to repay 32,000,000 in the course of twenty-three years. M. Crémieux, the well-known French Député had, it is true, offered them a loan of 25,000,000 francs on easy terms, provided they would grant equal political rights to the Jews; but their reply had been to march off straight and burn down the Jewish synagogue. In other ways, too, things were going worse with them rather than better, for locusts came and ate up their crops; there was famine in the land and cholera. In the midst of these disasters the Prince's popularity waned rapidly, in Bucharest, at any rate. The masses became fractious and restless, while the classes developed a tendency to make use of him as a scapegoat, and to hold him responsible even for the coming of the locusts. The result was that when his first parliament met, Prince Couza, his dethroned predecessor, had as many supporters there as he had.

The Great Boyards as a class had always been opposed to him at heart: even the most insignificant of them considered himself quite his equal, if not his superior, and missed no opportunity of proclaiming the fact. The Prince was never quite sure, as he once complained, whether the men

whom he invited to dinner would, or would not, turn up. Nor was it only the Great Boyards who were out of sympathy with him; all the members of what called itself Society took up a critical attitude towards him before long, chiefly because, as they frankly confessed, they did not understand him in the least. It would have been quite impossible for them indeed, heedless, reckless, and extravagant as the majority of them were, to understand him; for they and he had not a thought or a feeling in common. Their point of view with regard to everything was diametrically opposed to his; their standard of morality differed from his as totally as their standard of manners. That a man in his position, young and handsome too, should work as he did from early morning until late at night, and pinch and save to make both ends meet, was to them simply incomprehensible; and when they saw him walking scatheless amidst the temptations by which he was surrounded—never giving even a glance at the frail beauties who dogged his steps—they not only vowed, but were firmly convinced, that there was something uncanny about him. Foreign agents were on the alert, of course, to turn this state of feeling to advantage; before long one Boyard, at least, out of every three was encouraging Russia to dethrone the Prince and annex Roumania.

What was more serious still, Bratiano and Rosetti, the leaders of the only strong party in the State, began to turn against him, for no other reason than because he refused to allow them to use him as their tool. As it was to them primarily that he owed his election, they had counted on "capturing" him for their party; and therefore at once waxed righteously indignant when he very properly insisted on placing himself above all parties alike. Even had this difficulty

not arisen, his position with regard to them would still have been extremely trying; for whereas in Roumania their popularity was unbounded, abroad, especially in Paris and Berlin, they were both disliked and mistrusted, owing to their friendship with Garibaldi and Mazzini and the part they had taken in various revolutionary movements. Again and again both Napoleon III., and Bismarck warned the Prince that it was sheer folly on his part to leave the control of public affairs in the hands of men who were republicans at heart. The Emperor, indeed, went so far as to tell him that, so long as they were his Ministers, he must not expect any support from France. Yet when Bratiano of his own free will resigned there was an uproar in the country until he was reinstated in office; and when at length the Prince was compelled to dismiss him, owing to the clamor his anti-Semite policy had raised in England and Austria, as well as in France and Germany, crowds assembled around the Palace and raised seditious cries.

Meanwhile the Prince was working as no prince perhaps ever worked before, cutting down expenses and bringing about reforms at home, striving hard the while to secure for his country powerful friends and protectors abroad. And at every turn he was beset with difficulties. He knew that for Roumania a strong army was a matter of life and death; but a strong army costs money, and he had none. He was firmly convinced that the German military system was better than the French; yet, when he set to work to reorganize his forces on German lines, there was an outcry at once. Not only did his own people accuse him of sacrificing their army to his partiality for his fatherland, but the French Emperor showed marked annoyance. This was a terrible blow; for if he were to do what he was bent

on doing, he must, as he was well aware, have the friendship of France as well as of Germany. All his plans for the future depended, too, on his being able to live in peace with his neighbors—with Austria, with Turkey and above all, with Russia. Yet, in spite of his warnings and entreaties, his people would persist in lavishing sympathy on the Austrian Emperor's Roumanian subjects; in helping the Bulgarians to fight against the Sultan; and, when he himself paid the Tsar a visit, they paraded the streets declaring that he had betrayed them. This at a time, too, when the very existence of Roumania depended on his convincing the Powers that his subjects were law-abiding and peace-loving. If in those days King Carol seemed to be all things to all men, and developed a perfect genius for playing off Power against Power, who can wonder? Had it been otherwise Roumania might still be a Turkish province.

So overwhelmed with work and with worries was he that, although he must marry, he had no time in which to choose a wife for himself, but must leave the task of choosing one to the Crown Prince Frederic. He could not have left it in better hands, as the result shows; for, although it was a case of wedding in haste—he was betrothed to Princess Elizabeth of Wied the day he first saw her—there has been no repenting at leisure. On the contrary, the marriage has proved an extremely happy one.

At first it seemed as if the Princess's presence in Bucharest would make for peace, as on her arrival all parties proclaimed a truce that they might unite in welcoming her; and she, being beautiful as well as kindly and clever, at once became popular. Before many months had passed, however, the old wrangling had begun again, and public feeling was running high not

only against the Prince, but also against his wife, simply because she was a German. Germany was then, as it happened, the veriest anathema to Roumanians, because, for one thing, when a certain Herr Strausberg, a German who had undertaken to make railways for them, became bankrupt, Prince Bismarck insisted that the loss must fall on them, not on the German shareholders. Besides, the Franco-Prussian War was within hailing distance, and they were all, heart and soul on the side of France. 1870 and '71 were terrible years for the Prince, for his people lost their heads completely, and actually wished to join in the fight—on the side of France, of course. And when he told them that to do so would be madness, they taunted him with being a German. The *pros* and *cons* of dethroning him were openly discussed in the Press; and when in August, 1870, a false report was spread that the French had scored a great victory, the people of Ploesti, one of his chief towns, rose in arms against him and proclaimed a Republic. The rebels were easily overcome, it is true; but when they were brought to trial they were acquitted, and their fellow townsmen carried them through the streets in triumph. The Prince in despair appealed to the Powers, for without their consent he could make no change in the constitution, and it is one of the kind that imposes many duties on the sovereign but gives him very few privileges. The Powers, however, having so many troubles of their own on their hands that they did not know what to do, told him sharply that if he could not keep his State in order, he had better leave it. He then wrote a letter to Auerbach, the novelist, which was practically an appeal to his own people. In it he told how he had toiled and milled for Roumania, and how he had been treated in return. Auerbach at

once sent this letter to the Press, with the result that the Prince was attacked more furiously than ever before: the Roumanian Parliament voted an address which was practically a vote of censure on him, and crowds assembled again and again before his palace vowing that he had insulted the whole nation, and calling for vengeance. One night the mob, after demonstrating against him, marched off to the German Consulate, where there was a banquet, as it was Kaiser William's birthday, and they wrecked the building. This was too much for the patience even of the Prince: he at once summoned his Ministers and announced his intention of abdicating.

Then there was consternation. It seemed as if the eyes of his subjects had been holden and they suddenly began to see. That night when they thought they had lost him, they realized for the first time how much they owed him, and how necessary he was to them. Members of all parties flocked around him with assurances of loyal support; even the most violent of his opponents joined with his Ministers in imploring him not to desert them. He turned a deaf ear to them, however; he had, as he said, tried his best to help Roumania, and he had failed; he would try no more. Fortunately, Lascar Catargui, a man who had long held aloof from politics, and M. Sturdza, took the matter in hand, and reminded the Prince that he had promised to stand by Roumania in evil days as in good. They told him plainly that for him to leave Bucharest would be to undo at one fell swoop all the good he had done, and to plunge the whole country into ruin; as the Sultan would at once march in his troops and take full possession. As a last word they assured him that he was wrong in regarding, as representative Roumanians, the noisy band of political extremists who had been rendering

his life a burden. The majority of the nation were moderate men, they declared, and for him, not against him. This they undertook to prove, and did prove; for when at length the Prince, yielding to their persuasions, renounced his intention of abdicating and appointed M. Catargui Prime Minister, he dissolved Parliament, and in the elections that followed the loyalists swept the country.

From that day to this the great majority of Roumanians have stood by their Prince loyally. They have attacked him again and again, it is true; they have set his advice at naught, and thrown his best-laid plans out of gear sometimes through sheer perversity. Still, even when most bent on thwarting him, they have never seriously called his devotion to Roumania in question, have never doubted that his first thought was always how he could best serve her.

The five years that followed the Franco-German War were years of peace and prosperity for Roumania: not only did she make great progress at home, but she gained much good-will abroad, owing to the tact and self-control she showed in her dealings with the Sultan, against whom all her neighbors were raging. "In Roumania we have no thought in our heads beyond making railways and roads and building schools," the Prince wrote to the German Crown Prince Frederic in 1875. Whatever was the case with their heads, their hands were certainly busy with work of another kind, for ruler and ruled alike were straining every nerve to put the country into a state of defence and organize a strong army. For they were keenly alive to the fact that the time was drawing near when they would have to fight for their independence, if they wished to have it; and they had come to look upon the Turkish yoke not only as an intolerable burden but as a national disgrace.

Still, they had no desire to exchange the Turkish sovereignty for the Russian, and that was what they might be forced to do, they knew, if at the critical moment they were not strong enough to defend themselves. Thus, poor as the Roumanians then were, they gave the Prince gladly for his troops every penny they might raise, and stinted themselves even in food that they might have arms. And they had their reward, for when in '77 Russia declared war against Turkey, so strong and well-trained was their army, that not only could they join in the struggle on equal terms, but they could and did prevent their country being used as a battlefield. They were sorely tried at this time, none the less; never, indeed, was a nation treated more unjustly or more unreasonably.

Before the war began the Prince asked the Powers to guarantee the neutrality of Roumania, but this they refused to do. They insisted, however, that she must remain neutral. None the less, when to enable her to do so he mobilized his army and proclaimed her independence, they were extremely indignant. Then, seeing that Russia would certainly march her troops through Roumania whatever he might say or do, he wished to make a treaty with her, so that the two countries should fight side by side against Turkey; but his offer was curtly rejected. "La Russie n'a pas besoin du concours de l'armée roumaine," Count Gortschakoff informed him loftily. "Cette guerre sera courte et glorieuse." The Count changed his tone, however, when Osman Pasha had the Russian army under the Grand Duke Nicholas in his grip before Plevna. Then message after message was sent to the Prince entreating him to join forces with Russia. "Unless you come at once we shall be annihilated," the Grand Duke declared. And he went at once, he and

his troops, without waiting to haggle for terms; the action of a gallant man, but a blunder none the less, one for which he had to pay dearly later. For although, thanks to his consummate skill as a leader and the bravery of his soldiers, he saved Russia's army, thus changing the whole course of the campaign, and later captured Plevna, the Russians took good care that he gained nothing by his victories but laurels. Nay, they were not content with giving him nothing, they actually took something from him; for when the war was over they annexed Bessarabia, a Roumanian province, and when the Roumanians, wild with indignation, remonstrated, the Tsar threatened to have their soldiers disarmed.

The Prince moved heaven and earth to induce the Great Powers to interfere, and when the Berlin Congress met, he sent two of his Ministers to plead before them. The members of the Congress, however, having already made up their minds that Roumania must be sacrificed, were unwilling to hear them; and they would not have heard them had not Lord Salisbury, gibing as was his wont, drawn their attention to the fact that "après avoir écouté les représentants d'une nation (Greece) qui réclame des provinces étrangères, il serait équitable d'entendre les délégués d'un pays qui demande des contrées lui appartenantes." The end of it was, as all the world knows, Bessarabia was lost, and Roumania received in return Dobrudja, a sorry exchange as it then seemed, but one which, in the long run, may perhaps prove not to have been so very sorry. Had the Russians in '78 known what, thanks to Roumanian enterprise, Constanta would be to-day, they might have shown less eagerness in forcing Roumania to consent to that bargain by which she had to yield a fertile province in return for a swamp.

In territory and in money the Rou-

manians were poorer at the end of the war than at the beginning; but in all else they were infinitely richer; for although they were robbed of the fruits of their victories, they could not be robbed of the consciousness of having gained them, nor of the prestige which the gaining of them conferred, a matter of paramount importance to a people who for centuries had been under Turkish rule. By the bravery and good discipline they had shown before Plevna and Widden, they had won their spurs, and they knew it; they had wiped out the old vassal-stain, and had established their right in the eyes of all men to take rank with the free. The result was an outburst of keen national feeling, of delight in their country, of respect for themselves, and of pride in their sovereign. Already, in 1874, the death of his little daughter, his only child, which was a terrible grief both for the Prince and his people, had drawn him and them nearer together than they had ever been before; and in those anxious days when he was striving so hard to fit the country to fight, trying to make a franc do the work of a napoleon, they had all rallied round him, with Bratiano at their head. A strong feeling of faith in him had sprung up among them at that time; they had come to rely on him and to respect his judgment. Still, it was not until he had fought side by side with them, and had led them to victory, that they quite realized the sort of man he was, and all that he had done for them. When, at the end of the war he returned to Bucharest, there were scenes of wild enthusiasm: the whole nation went forth to welcome him and tender him thanks, greeting him with cries of deliverer as well as of victor. For they knew that if Roumania were free it was to him she owed her freedom; knew that had it not been for him and the work

he had done during those eleven long, weary years he had reigned over them, scant heed would have been paid to their declaration of independence.

Even in 1878 King Carol's troubles were far from being at an end; that very year, indeed, he was called upon, as he says, "to crack two very hard nuts," for the Great Powers refused to recognize the independence of Roumania unless she would grant political rights to the Jews; while Prince Bismarck declared she should have neither independence nor get peace until she had paid back to the German shareholders the hundred million marks of which the German Strausberg, who founded the first Roumanian Railway Company, had defrauded them. And the Roumanian Parliament stoutly refused either to grant political rights to the Jews or to pay Herr Strausberg's debts. It cost him three years' hard work to convince his subjects that neither the Great Powers, nor even Bismarck, could safely be set at defiance; and even then the people of Jassy expressed the feeling of all Roumania when they presented to him an address in which they begged that, if he really must grant something to the Jews, he would at least grant as little as possible. In Roumania the Jewish question, it must be noted, has nothing whatever to do with religion; it is an economic question pure and simple. In February, 1880, the two hard nuts being cracked, the independence of Roumania was formally recognized by Europe; and on May 22nd, 1881, her ruler, with the consent of the Great Powers and by the advice of his own Ministers, those staunch republicans of former days, Bratiano and Rosetti, was crowned as her King.

Already in '68, on his arrival in Roumania, King Carol had firmly made up his mind that her independence must be secured, let the cost be what

it might. So long as their country was a Turkish province there was no hope, he knew, of Roumanians shaking off their old slothful, quarrelsome ways, and developing—as he had even then set his heart on their developing—into a united, self-respecting people, capable of working out their own salvation and holding their own in the world. During the early days of his reign, therefore, although he did what he could to promote the well-being of his subjects by bringing about reforms and encouraging education, he made the training of soldiers his first business in life, and sacrificed everything to the army. No one was more keenly alive than he was to the fact that to spend money, as he did, on guns, meant that children must go without schooling, and old folk sometimes without bread; he spent it none the less without a scruple, holding that no price was too high a price to pay for freedom from Turkish interference and influence. Once this freedom secured, however, he threw himself as eagerly into the task of providing his people with schools as he had before thrown himself into the task of providing them with barracks. And as it had been before so was it then: the whole nation joined with him in his work; joined with him, too, in trying to develop the economic resources of the country and better the lot of the peasants. Meanwhile the Queen, Carmen Sylva, who during the war had won the love of all classes by her devotion to the wounded, was spreading sweetness and light among the nation by encouraging literature and art. Little wonder Roumania has made rapid progress since she gained her independence; for King, Queen, and people have been striving heart and soul to render her wealthy in all ways, cultured as well as strong.

Since King Carol has had a united

people at his back, a people who trust him and are devoted to him, his work as a ruler has been comparatively easy. He has for years now had a free hand in all that concerns the army, with the result that Roumania has now 300,000 of the finest soldiers in Europe to work her will. In foreign affairs, too, he has had a free hand; so free a hand, indeed, that when he deemed it expedient to break away from the old Roumanian Francophil tradition, and enter into friendly relations with the Triple Alliance, he had nothing more serious than cavilling to encounter.

In home affairs he has, it is true, difficulties to contend against even now. For one thing, although he has succeeded in convincing the majority of his subjects that they must work, he has failed, for the most part, in making them see the necessity of saving. Not a few of them are even to-day, as the late Sir William White used to declare they all were when he lived among them, spendthrifts at heart. Roumania must cut her coat to suit her cloth, has for years been the burden of the King's preaching; but hitherto some even of his own Ministers have failed to take the lesson to heart.

Then the fervent nationalism, which is now so marked a characteristic of his people, is a source of ceaseless anxiety to him. They are in very close sympathy with those of their race who live under foreign rule; when they hear, therefore, that Roumanians just beyond their frontier—there are Roumanians in Hungary as well as in Turkey—are not allowed to speak their own language, and are prevented from going to their own schools, they are apt to express their feelings in terms that smack of their unregenerate days, and to swear they will bring them all within their own fold. Still, excepting among the students, who do not count politically, there is no real Chauvinism among them, none of that clamoring

for the possessions of their neighbors in which other Balkan nations indulge. Not but that they ponder in their hearts on that message Bismarck sent to them years ago: "La Roumanie est la Belgique du sud-est de l'Europe," the Prince warned them: "De même que la Belgique, elle ne doit pas faire de politique étrangère, mais tâcher de vivre sur un bon pied avec ses voisins. Elle ramassera en suite les fruits qui tomberont d'eux-mêmes de l'arbre européen. Seulement elle ne doit pas chercher à les cueillir, surtout lorsqu'ils ne sont pas murs." They are even beginning to ask themselves whether the fruit for which they were told to wait is not now ripe, for they are keenly alive to the fact that it is now their King who holds the balance

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in the Balkans, let King Peter and Tsar Ferdinand gain what victories they may.

It almost seems as if, for the second time in his life, King Carol is to have a supreme stroke of good luck. Years ago, just when his soldiers were ready for fighting, he was given the chance of proving how well he had trained them; and now that his whole people are ready for work of another sort, he may perhaps have the chance of showing that in laboring among them he has not labored in vain. Should the mission be given to her, Roumania may be trusted to do good service for law and order, for righteous dealing, too, and culture, among those turbulent races with whom her lot is cast.

Edith Sellers.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

CHAPTER III.

When Honesty found herself alone in her little attic that night, she sat down on her bed and fell to examining her own palm in the light of her flickering tallow candle.

"Twas strange him saying that about the cross on my line o' love," she said to herself, "and about the ring comin' soon on my weddin' finger—that is nonsense-talk of course, his head is full of weddin's I d' 'low, along o' him thinkin' of gettin' married agaln. But this cross—it's there plain enough for anybody to see—I wonder—I wonder."

Still cogitating, she began to undress, and then having said her prayers like the good girl she was, put out her candle by the simple means of inverting the tin socket of the candle-stick, and got into bed. Through her uncurtained window came a faint light, evidently from the lane without. Zachary had

declared his intention of camping there for the night, as being less lonesome than his previous quarters.

"He's late up," said the girl to herself—and pulled up the bedclothes to screen her eyes from the light. She dozed, and woke again. The light was still there. Getting out of bed she peered through her window, the door of the van was open, and Zachary, seated just within, was smoking a reflective pipe; but instead of gazing at the stove as on the previous evening he had turned his stool so as to face the Cuffs' cottage. His glance, as she could see, was fixed on her own window. As she peeped out knowing that in the gloom of her chamber he could not distinguish her form she saw him tap the ashes out of his pipe, rise, still gazing upwards, and finally with deliberate intent, kiss his hand in the direction of her casement.

"Well, I'm sure!" ejaculated Honesty, retreating from the neighborhood of the window, and retiring hastily to bed.

She was down before dawn on the following morning, and was kneeling by the hearth, attempting to light the fire, when there came a discreet tap at the door. On opening it Mr. Short's broad figure appeared, a lantern swinging from one hand and a kettle from the other.

"Might I ask leave, Miss Honesty, for to let me fill my kettle at you well?"

"To be sure," rejoined she.

"Perhaps while I'm about it, I m'd jist so well fill yours. 'Tis a nippy cold morning."

"I'd be very much obliged to ye, if ye would then," said Honesty, sitting back on her heels, and tendering him the battered kettle.

He took it from her hand and presently returned carrying it cautiously. Honesty was still sitting on her heels, blowing on her fingers which were stiff and numb with cold.

"Let me light fire for ye," he said; "your teeth be fair chatterin' in your head."

"No," she returned quickly. "The sticks were a bit damp, but I d' 'low they'll take now. I'm not goin' to be beat by a fire."

He set down the Kettle and watched her while she poked a handful of straw under the sticks, and bending forward blew at them. The straw flickered a little, smoked a good deal, and finally went out: it was as damp as the sticks themselves.

"I ought to have put them to dry last night," she explained. "But between one thing and another I forgot. Ye see ye was right in sayin' I was not used to housework."

"Yet ye do keep this place as pretty as a picture," he rejoined.

"Oh, I do my best," she said shortly beginning to pull out the sticks one

after another, and to build up the fire anew.

He watched her with a pleased expression.

"I do like to see ye persevere," he remarked.

But once again, though the straw flared up momentarily and the sticks crackled in an abortive manner, they refused to kindle.

"Ye'll never do no good wif them sticks," said Zachary decidedly. "I've got a few dry ones yonder as 'ud soon take; I'll fetch 'em in a minute."

But when he returned after a somewhat prolonged absence, for he could not at once lay his hand upon the kindling wood, he found the fire burning briskly and a penetrating odor of tallow impregnating the air.

"Hello," cried he, "ye've done wifout my help after all, I see."

"I told ye I wouldn't be beat by a fire," she rejoined, but she colored a little uncomfortably.

"Well, there, I do admire your perseverance," cried he, "'tisn't every mald what 'ud be so determined."

"There's one thing though," she remarked after a moment's hesitation. "I'd maybe best tell ye as I bairn't so perseverin' as ye d' think. If fire's lighted 'tis no thanks to my perseverance, but because I did stick a bit o' candle i' th' middle o' th' sticks."

"Honest by name and honest by nature," commented Zachary. "I did never hear of a name what did fit so well. Now I'll step across and light my little stove and get my little kettle to bile."

"I should think there'd be no need for two fires and two kettles, when one of each would do," cried Honesty.

"Oh, well, if ye're so kind as to say so, I'm sure I'm very much obliged. I'll bring along my own rasher though, and my own teapot."

"If ye're so particular as all that, you can pop your rasher in our pan and

put a spoonful o' your tea in our pot. Ye needn't bring anything else."

"'Tis a very good notion that about the tea, but I'll fetch along my loaf—and I'll tell ye what, I'll help ye to wash up after breakfast, Miss Honesty—I'd be loath for ye to have more work to do along of I."

He disappeared once more, returning presently with the articles in question. The room was empty, but he could hear Honesty's feet overhead, and presently her voice raised imperatively.

"Time to get up, father! Father! 'tis close upon six, breakfast 'ull be ready in a minute."

Then came an inarticulate growl from Cuff, and then Mrs. Cuff's anxious tones.

"Do'ee get up, my dear, the Reverend will be watchin' out for ye most particular. 'T wouldn't do for to offend him again. I can't help fearin' he'll find out about you not ringin' the bell t'other night, and if ye go for to be late this mornin'—"

"There, I'll not be late. A white slave, that's what I be, Boxin' Day, too, when every Christian thinks for to take a bit o' pleasure. Get up, yourself."

"You lay still, mother," said Honesty. "Ye've no need to get up wif that headache, I'll fetch ye up a cup o' tea, and you try and rest a bit after father's gone."

"That's it, rest away!" commented Cuff, sarcastically, "you women, ye haven't got hearts in yer buzzums, n'ar a one o' ye. Father must get up and turn out in the cold, no matter how tired he may be—but mother there, if she do have the leastest bit o' headache, *she's* to lay still and have a cup o' tea took her."

Honesty's little feet in their worn shoes came cautiously downstairs again. The girl's face wore an anxious look, and her white brow was puckered.

"I do think menfolk be terrible selfish," she exclaimed in an undertone, while she fidgeted about the kitchen making preparations for the morning meal. "What good could it do anyone for poor mother to get up, when her head's so bad, and I'm here to do her work? She couldn't do no good in Rectory garden but she'll be a-pinin' and a-frettin' all day along o' what father did say jist now, and so like as not she'll be a-comin' down long afore she's fit for it. Why, I do declare ye've been and laid the table, Mr. Shart."

"Well, since thik breakfast is to be a kind o' j'int concern, I thought I m'd just as well do my share, Miss Honesty," rejoined he. "I did often do such things for my missus when she was feelin' poorly."

"All men bain't selfish then," said Honesty, lifting the kettle from the fire, and giving a preliminary rinse to the teapot.

"Here's my contribution," said Zachary, emptying a little paper of tea into the pot.

"Nay, now, ye've a-brought more nor your share, I'm sure there's two or three spoonfuls there."

"That depends on the size of the spoon," rejoined he, with twinkling eyes. "How about that fryin'-pan? I'm a terrible good hand at fryin' bacon. Is that it, yonder? Right—'tis as clean and bright as a looking-glass. My rasher do feel quite proud to be settin' in such a beautiful bright pan. Now where's yours, Miss Honesty?"

"I'm just goin' to warm up a bit o' the goose for father; mother doesn't care for bacon."

"Ah, I reckon she's a poor eater at the best of times," said Zachary, tactfully forbearing to comment upon the fact that the girl had made no allusion to her own powers of assimilation.

When the bacon was done, however, he cut off a frizzling piece, and popped it unceremoniously on Honesty's plate.

"Hopin' you'll excuse the liberty, Miss," he said, with extreme politeness, "but r'aly there's more here nor I could eat, and it 'ud go again my conscience to let it be wasted."

The bacon looked and smelt delicious, and Honesty, after a faint protest, yielded to the promptings of her healthy young appetite, and fell to without more ado. Zachary noticed that she ate hastily, and frequently looked in the direction of the stairs. When a door overhead opened, she swallowed the last morsel quickly, and jumping up hid her soiled plate behind a pile of others on the dresser.

Cuff's ill-humored face brightened as he came creaking down the stairs, and he paused to sniff with satisfaction.

"Bacon!" he cried. "That's right. A man do deserve a bit o' bacon when he's got to turn out to work on Boxing Day, and such a cold mornin', too. There, I don't know when I've tasted a bit o' rasher for my breakfast."

"That's Mr. Shart's bacon what ye do smell, father, us haven't got none in the house," cried Honesty, with assumed carelessness. "But I've got a bit o' summat very tasty for your breakfast this mornin'—a nice bit o' brolled goose. I've hotted it up wi' salt an' pepper—ye couldn't wish for nothin' better."

"Couldn't I?" said Cuff aggressively, "Well, things is come to a pretty pass when strangers sit guzzlin' bacon in my own kitchen, and there isn't a bit to spare for me."

The girl, reddening to the roots of her hair, glanced apologetically at the visitor, who, cutting off a particularly appetizing morsel, popped it into his mouth with an abstracted air; he appeared to pay no attention to the discussion.

"Goose," ejaculated Mr. Cuff, dragging forward a chair with a grating sound across the tiled floor and seating himself heavily. "Goose! 'Tisn't the

kind o' stuff as a man 'ud fancy first thing in the mornin', more partic'lar when he's not feeling so well."

He paused tentatively, but Zachary, with every appearance of enjoyment, continued to chew.

Honesty, reddening ever more and more hotly, hastily set a covered plate containing the goose-leg before her father, who contemplated it plaintively, holding his knife and fork upright.

"It do seem terr'ble rich," he groaned, fixing his eyes on the rapidly disappearing rasher, "and I'm not feeling at all myself. When I were a-comin' downstairs I did jist think to myself, well, the only thing I could fancy 'ud be a morsel o' bacon."

Zachary cleared his throat absently, and breaking off a piece of bread, soaked it in the hot bacon fat; the sight enraged Mr. Cuff.

"How is it there's no bacon in the house, ye little hussy?" he cried, turning suddenly on Honesty and seizing her by the shoulder as though to shake her. "What do ye mean by sayin' there's no bacon in the house?"

Zachary half rose from his chair, but as the girl twisted herself free he sat down again, swallowed the remainder of the rasher at a bite, and fell to polishing his plate with a crust.

"Bacon's so dear to-year, Father," said Honesty, in trembling tones, "and we have such a little money to keep house with."

"That's no excuse," growled her father, then seeing that the rasher was gone beyond recall, he attacked his brolled goose in a very ill-humour, disdaining to converse with the self-invited guest, and confining his conversation to disjointed remarks about "golley-slaves," wasteful women-folk, and the hardship for an honest man to be obliged to forego the little bit o' pleasure enjoyed by every one else at holiday time. At length he rose and went out, still grumbling. Honesty

looked after him for a moment, and then covered her face with her hands.

"I'm ashamed," she said. "Jist about ashamed. I do hope, Mr. Shart, as ye'll overlook his ill-manners."

"Nay, my dear, don't ye mention such a thing," rejoined Zachary quickly. "He were a bit put out—everybody's a bit put out now and then." He paused, eyeing her curiously. "He do change about in his humors, I d' 'low. Yesterday he was so pleasant as anything."

"It don't take very much to put Father out of sorts," Honesty said, sighing as she dropped her hands.

"For one minute you know," resumed Zachary, in explanatory tones, "I thought he were really goin' to shake ye—but he wouldn't do that, of course, he'd naturally never think o' doing that."

"Not to hurt me, Father wouldn't," said Honesty, doubtfully. "Father 'ud never go for to shake me hard enough to hurt me, but he do take me like that now and again by the shoulders ye know, and he do just give me a kind o' a little bit of a—well, a sort o' shake, ye know."

Zachary sat looking at her meditatively, and after a pause she went on hurriedly—

"Well, I'd rather he'd shake me nor carry on as he's been a-doin' this mornin'." I could ha' sunk into the earth wi' shame. A body 'ud think he'd never a mouthful of his own to eat—the way he did seem to grudge you your little bit o' rasher. I was afeared he'd go on until ye'd feel yourself forced to offer him a bit."

"No," rejoined Zachary quietly, "I shouldn't ha' done that." He paused again and then with a quick change of tone he continued:

"Well, and what be you a-goin' to do wi' yourself this fine bright day—holiday an' all?"

"There isn't much holiday as ever

comes in my way," said Honesty, with a little sigh—"not since I come back to live at home."

"Now where mid ye ha' lived when ye didn't live at home?" asked he. "I've a-heard ye mention once or twice as ye hadn't lived at home for long."

"Ye mind that cousin o' Mother's what she was a talkin' about yesterday," said Honesty, hesitatingly. "Old Margaret Shart, she did marry a Mr. Shart at Sturminster. I think ye did say they was related to ye, too."

"They be my half-cousins, Sharts o' Sturminster be," returned Zachary, "but I never see'd much o' them along o' old Jonathan Shart an' my father a-fallin' out over summat or other—what, I can't jist call to mind—it was afore my time."

"That 'ud be old Uncle Shart, I d' 'low," cried Honesty, interested. "I do call him Uncle, though he be only Mother's cousin by marriage. Mother's own cousin was his second wife."

"Oh," said Zachary, as she broke off. "Well now, and so ye did go to live there for a bit, eh?"

"'Ees, I did live there for six or seven year," returned Honesty. "My Aunt Shart—I did call her Aunt—she didn't have no children of her own, and there was a lot of us at home then, so she did ax Mother to let me hide wi' her."

"Ah," commented Zachary, as she broke off, "and was it there ye did do so much sewin'?"

"'Ees," said Honesty.

"And ye did come home, along o' your sister gettin' married" resumed he, as she paused again.

"'Ees, partly for that and partly along o' poor Aunt dyin'. 'Twas her wish that I should go back to Mother after her death."

"Dear to be sure!" exclaimed Zachary. "And who's a-lookin' arter your uncle now, poor wold chap. I should

ha' thought he'd ha' liked to ha' kept ye."

"He would," said Honesty, "and so would they all, but aunt, there she was reg'lar set on me goin' back. Uncle he've a-got an old housekeeper to do for him now."

She pushed back her chair and began to remove the breakfast things, Zachary following her example.

"I did promise to help ye, didn't I?" he remarked.

After making one or two journeys backwards and forwards to the little back kitchen, he inquired suddenly:

"Who's they?"

"Oh, Robert Shart, Uncle's son by his first marriage, and—and—well they was all sorry. Old Sally—that was the housekeeper, she was sorry along o' me bein' so useful she said, and Rose Ann—that's the dairymaid, she was about my own age, *she* was sorry—but she's married now, so it don't make no difference to her."

"Robert Shart," ejaculated Zachary, removing his coat and tucking up his shirt sleeves in preparation for his self-imposed task. "Robert Shart, he'd be somewhere about my age I should judge."

Honesty laughed.

"Oh no! Cousin Robert—he did used to make me call him Cousin Robert, though he was no relation o' mine—he's quite a young man, he's the youngest of all Uncle Jonathan's children; they did all die except him."

"You an' him was company for each other I d' low," said Zachary, pouring hot water from the kettle into the wooden bowl wherein the cups and saucers were already reposing. Honesty was folding up the tablecloth and did not hear the query until it was repeated.

"I couldn't be much company for him," she answered; then, in a low voice, "He's quite a great gentleman, Cousin Robert is. Terr'ble took up wi'

horses same as the gentry be. Ridin' to hounds an' that. And he had one or two young colts what he did bring up hisself. He do say they'll fetch a lot o' money one o' these days. And Cousin Robert he's a lot o' grand friends, too grand for Uncle Shart he did use to say."

"Well, well," said Zachary, as she stopped again. "I'd 'low wi' all these carryin's on ye did have a livelier time at Sturminster nor here wi' your father an' mother."

Honesty's face lost its animation.

"'Ees, it's not very lively here," she agreed.

"Well, I'll tell you what, my maid," cried Zachary jovially, "since 'tis a holiday to-day and I'm not goin' travelin' in the van, why shouldn't I take ye for a bit o' an' out?"

"An out?" echoed Honesty almost incredulously.

"'Ees, you an' me mid go an excursion somewhere, Bourne or Salisbury—only there'll not be no shops open to-day—or I mid take ye a bit of a drive."

"In the van?" queried Honesty breathlessly. She had become quite pink with excitement.

"No, no, not in the van. I mid hire a little trap and drive ye round the country. Us mid go to Wimborne."

"Or to Sturminster," suggested Honesty, clapping her hands. "I should jist about like to go and see poor old Uncle Shart."

"No, not to Sturminster, maldie," rejoined Zachary good-humoredly but firmly. "I couldn't so very well take ye there, ye see, along o' my Cousin Shart and me not speaking—but anywhere else ye'd like to name. I did read on paper as there was some kind of a circus goin' on at Salisbury wi' performin' horses and a trained elephant an' all sorts."

Honesty's face, which had clouded for a moment, brightened again, and she clapped her hands ecstatically.

"Ees, I should like that. I love horses and all that's to do wi' them!" Then her expression changed once more. "But Mother—I don't see as how I can leave Mother."

"Nay now, nay now, your mother do know as well as anyone else as all work an' no play does make Jack a dull boy, and I d' 'low too lonesome a life 'ud be like to make a maid dull too."

Just then a knocking was leard overhead, and Honesty exclaiming, "That's mother!" sat down the saucer she was wiping and ran upstairs.

"What's all that talk about?" inquired the sick woman, who was lying with her face turned away from the light, and her hand pressed to her forehead.

"'Tis Mr. Shart. He do seem to be a terr'ble good-natured man, mother."

"He do," agreed Mrs. Cuff. "What was that he was saying' about takin' ye for a drive?"

"Oh, 'twas just he did want to rake me for an out along o' it beln' holiday time, but I told him I couldn't go. I told him I couldn't leave ye."

"Yes, but I heard ye say ye'd like to go, poor maid, and I'm sure it is natral enough, and Mr. Shart there—I feel sure he's a man what could be trusted to take care o' ye. Pop down and thank him kindly and ye'll be ready whenever he do wish."

"He wants us to go to a circus at Salisbury, what I d' 'low 'ud keep me away too long."

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"Not a bit too long," replied Mrs. Cuff energetically. "I'm a deal better, I'll be down in good time to get Father's dinner, so don't ye be troubling your head about that. You run and tell Mr. Shart ye'll be thankful for to go."

As her daughter still hesitated, she continued vehemently: "There, I've no patience wi' yer dallyin'! 'Tisn't once in a hundred years ye do get such a chance—and Mr. Shart's a terr'ble nice man."

As Honesty obediently descended the stairs, Mrs. Cuff sat up, the change of posture causing her face to contract with a momentary spasm of pain, but almost immediately she smiled.

"He's a terr'ble nice man," she repeated to herself, "and he do seem just about took up wi' our little maid."

She continued to smile to herself during the laborious process of dressing, mentally revolving divers comfortable items in their visitor's confidences of the previous day. He had money laid by in the bank, a new van, and a thriving business and—he was looking for a second wife. This holiday might be a chance for Honesty in more ways than one. She did not once ask herself how it would fare with her, sickly and forlorn, if the last bird were to leave the nest. That inscrutable thing, mother love, for the time being uplifted the poor querulous woman above all merely personal considerations.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

The election, which, for the first time in sixteen years, places the Democrats in full control of all branches of the Government, was not a surprise to the great majority of the American people, although a bitter disappointment to the

supporters of one of the defeated candidates. When Mr. Roosevelt announced himself a candidate last February there was, for a time, doubt as to the outcome in the minds of some persons. Mr. Roosevelt, these persons

believed, was invincible. They were sincere in their conviction that the masses were for him, and that there would be a "spontaneous uprising" in his favor. It was on that "spontaneous uprising" that Mr. Roosevelt and his supporters banked so heavily. The people were supposed to be not only ripe for change, but longing to make the change so as to put Mr. Roosevelt in charge. The "spontaneous uprising" was wet powder. It fizzled. Usually years elapse before the secret history of a great political movement can be written; this year the historian has been able to keep pace with the politician. Thanks to injudicious journalists, who rendered a better service than they knew; and amateurs in the political game, who talked more than was good for them, and investigating committees, there are no longer any secrets, or at least of very great importance. The revolt of the people that was to sweep Mr. Roosevelt into the White House and bury his opponents fathoms deep was a piece of elaborated stage management. A boom was worked up, and we know almost to the last dollar what it cost, and it was no petty business. The same tactics were followed that politicians have always used in this country. The country was organized, and money was spent. Mr. Roosevelt's friends went diligently to work to secure delegates to the Republican Convention just as Mr. Taft's friends did, and their methods were practically the same. For a movement that was supposed to be spontaneous it needed an extraordinary amount of shaping and directing and stimulating.

This does not mean that there was not a very widespread and deep sentiment in favor of Mr. Roosevelt, but it was neither so wide nor so deep as Mr. Roosevelt and his intimates believed. Mr. Roosevelt was able to command the support of the radicals in

his own party, or rather it would be more correct to say, the radicals of the party to which he once belonged—that is, the Republicans—and a certain percentage of the Democratic radicals, but how large that percentage is no one can determine, although it is evident it was not very great. The great majority of those persons who supported him and voted for him passionately believed in him; their devotion was almost fanaticism. The radical is always extreme in everything, and the American radical is no exception. They were convinced that he would be elected, and their faith never wavered. Up to the day of election they were as certain that Mr. Roosevelt would be elected as they were sure the day of election would dawn. Only two days before election a man of very great intelligence and wide knowledge of the world who has travelled all over the country during the last two months, asserted with marked emphasis his firm belief in Mr. Roosevelt's election. When I expressed doubt he almost begged me not to allow myself to be misled by the false reports circulated by the enemy. "You have no conception," he said, "of the feeling that exists; it is a religion almost. There has never been anything like it in this country; there has never been a man who has such a deep hold on the people as Mr. Roosevelt. He will sweep the country from one end to the other, he will do what no other Republican has ever been able to do—he will break the Solid South." This man believed every word he said, and other men of equal standing and intelligence have said the same thing to me.

Yet it was apparent to those of us who were able to take a detached view of events, and whose judgment was not blinded by personal considerations, that Mr. Roosevelt would not be elected, and that Governor Wilson in all probability would if Mr. Taft was

not. Inasmuch as Mr. Taft ran a bad third in the race, the result apparently challenges the value of one's judgment, but Mr. Taft's defeat is not so crushing as appearances indicate. Roughly speaking, Mr. Wilson polled 46 per cent of the total vote, Mr. Roosevelt 29 per cent and Mr. Taft 25 per cent, but while both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt polled their full strength, Mr. Taft did not. A great many Republicans, men who were loyally supporting Mr. Taft and hoped to see him re-elected, feared that if they cast their ballots for Mr. Taft the vote might be so evenly divided between the three candidates that it would result in the election of Mr. Roosevelt. Owing to the peculiar way in which an American President is elected, it does not necessarily follow that a candidate who polls the largest popular vote will have the largest number of votes in the electoral college, as a candidate may have a heavy popular majority in some of the large States, and yet that majority might be offset by his opponent securing the votes of smaller States in which the combined population is smaller than that of a single large State; and with three candidates in the field that is a possibility never to be overlooked. Republicans had to determine whether they should vote for Mr. Taft on the chance of being able to elect him and run the risk of Mr. Roosevelt's election, or take no chances by sacrificing Mr. Taft and voting for Governor Wilson, which would make Mr. Roosevelt's election impossible. The result shows that Republicans in large numbers voted for Mr. Wilson, but there are no means of knowing how much help the Democratic candidate received from this quarter.

It is interesting to note that Governor Wilson is elected by a minority popular vote. From the figures now available, which are only partly official

and in many cases estimates, but approximately correct, the combined Taft-Roosevelt vote is about 600,000 more than Governor Wilson's. It is equally interesting to note that the combined Wilson-Taft vote, which was anti-Roosevelt, is five and a half millions in excess of the Roosevelt vote. From these figures certain people draw the conclusion that the Wilson-Taft vote represents the moderate radical and conservative sentiment of the country as opposed to the Roosevelt vote, which is the extreme left, and therefore the balance is heavily on the side of conservatism. Dealing with the question broadly, I believe the conclusion is fairly justified; that is to say, at heart the country is more conservative than radical, and it is not yet ready to sanction the programme that Mr. Roosevelt advocated. It is also not without significance that the two great radicals in American politics in recent years—Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan—were both defeated, and the popular vote polled by Mr. Roosevelt is about thirty-five per cent less than that given to Mr. Bryan in 1896. In that year Mr. Bryan had 6,500,000 votes; this year Mr. Roosevelt's vote is estimated at 4,200,000. If these figures mean anything the country is either less radical now than it was sixteen years ago, or Mr. Roosevelt made a less powerful appeal to radicals than did Mr. Bryan. If radicalism has increased since Mr. Bryan first offered himself as a candidate Mr. Roosevelt's vote should have been larger, considering the growth of population and the superior organization and resources that were behind the Roosevelt movement.

Whether Mr. Roosevelt has "passed in his chips," as the Westerner would say, or will continue to hold "cards in the game" no one can predict. Mr. Bryan was three times a candidate before his party got tired of going to battle with the sure knowledge of de-

feat in advance and deposed him from leadership; it may be equally difficult to convince Mr. Roosevelt that the Radical Party stands a better chance to win under another captain. If Mr. Roosevelt is in good health four years hence I think he will again be a candidate for the Presidency, for now he has nothing to lose by defeat and everything to gain by victory. It would be a waste of time and valuable space to speculate on what may happen in 1916, but unless a great change comes over the country Mr. Roosevelt will know the sting of a second defeat. The conservative Republicans will still be anti-Roosevelt and so will the conservative Democrats. To win, Mr. Roosevelt will have to convert about five and a half millions of his countrymen, which is a pretty large order for a man even of Mr. Roosevelt's strength and persuasive powers. Ordinarily a man is weaker and not stronger after defeat, for it has cost him prestige and destroyed faith in his star, which is as great an asset to the politician as it is to the military commander. Mr. Bryan's vote was smaller in 1900 than it was in 1896; it was less in 1908 than it was the year he first ran. Nothing will so quickly damage a man as a plentiful record of failure.

For the present far greater interest attaches to the Democratic Presidential elect and his policy. He enters the White House a comparatively untried man, for with the exception of the brief time he has served as Governor of New Jersey, he is without experience in public life and, what is rare in American politics, he was never a candidate for any office until he was elected Governor of his State. In America men usually have to serve an apprenticeship in politics; there are not many instances of a leap from private life to the gubernatorial chair and from there to the Chief Magistracy, and all within the short space of two years.

In this respect, Governor Wilson's career has been sensational: it is without parallel in British or American politics. Three years ago, Woodrow Wilson was a name that meant nothing to the great mass. He was known, of course, to every student of American government, to educators and college men, but these constitute only a limited class in a country with a population of a hundred millions. He had never been a candidate for Congress or sat in Congress or the Cabinet; he had not gone up and down the country delivering speeches or making addresses on popular subjects. He was not a contributor to journals of light and learning with a vice for sensations and screaming head-lines; he was not a controversialist on race suicide or other burning questions of the day discussed by office boys over surreptitious cigarettes and manicure girls with their customers. It seems a contradiction in terms to describe Mr. Wilson, the President of a great university and the author of an important work, as an obscure man; and yet he was a man very little known to the average newspaper reader, and it is the average newspaper reader who passes judgment on men. Europe, of course, knew almost nothing about him. And to-day the White House opens to him.

Mr. Wilson faces an unparalleled opportunity. For the last few years the country has been running wild, it has been discontented without reason, it has given encouragement to causeless agitation; the demagogue has flourished as never before; the professional reformer has become powerful and prosperous by deluding the people. There are a great many reforms that can be instituted for the benefit of all concerned, but they must be worked out by men of conviction and not by those who are willing to champion anything that seems popular for the moment. Mr. Wilson has a great task ahead of him

in restoring shattered faith. The American people at the present time believe in nothing, and hardly in themselves. They have been told that their judges are incompetent and their legislators corrupt; that politics are a matter of barter and sale; that wealth is criminal; success is only another name for dishonesty. President Wilson can bring the people back to the path of sanity by suppressing the demagogue, and discouraging radicalism for the mere love of rash experiment.

It will not be easy for him. He has an unwieldy majority in the House, largely made up of new members ambitious to make names for themselves; many of them radicals representing radical constituencies and foolishly believing that nothing they can do will be too radical to displease the country. Mr. Bryan has been deposed, but he is still a power, and his influence is not on the side of conservatism. The radicals in control of the Baltimore Convention that nominated Mr. Wilson built a platform which would have destroyed a candidate under ordinary circumstances. Fortunately Mr. Wilson was wise enough to put his own construction upon the Democratic declaration of principles, and the country felt that it was safer to trust Mr. Wilson than to take alarm over the platform. In more than one speech during the campaign, Mr. Wilson said that it was the duty of the President to be a leader in the broadest sense, to initiate as well as to execute; and in his narrower sphere as Governor of New Jersey he carried out this policy. Originally the President was not supposed to try to influence Congress; he might recommend, but if Congress saw fit to ignore his recommendations the President considered he had performed his duty and the responsibility was shifted on Congress. Now it is the President rather than Congress on whom the public places the responsibility, and

the President is expected to have a policy, and not only to have a policy, but to possess sufficient influence and courage and strength to be able to make Congress accept it. It is fortunate that when Governor Wilson enters the White House he will have a party majority in both Houses, which will make it impossible for the President "to play politics" with the House or Senate or for either body to try to embarrass the other, or for both to seek to conspire against the President. If wise legislation is enacted the party will reap the credit; if promises made before election are forgotten the public will know where to place the blame.

Both at home and abroad the question of largest interest is the Democratic tariff policy. The European expectation that such sweeping reductions will be made in the schedules that certain foreign goods, now virtually shut out of the American market because of the prohibitive duties, will be admitted at rates low enough to enable them to compete with the American manufacturer, and a large share of the trade now monopolized by American makers will be taken over by foreigners, is not warranted, and I should not advise manufacturers to increase their plants in anticipation of the larger business they expect to do with the United States after the passage of the new Tariff Bill, as I am afraid it will be money wasted. The United States is not going to reverse its fiscal system and destroy its industries because Mr. Wilson has been elected President, although the reductions that will be made in duties will undoubtedly stimulate certain importations. Republicans as well as Rooseveltians predict that the tariff will be the rock on which Mr. Wilson and his party in Congress will split, and they recall the experience of Mr. Cleveland, the last Democratic President. Mr. Cleveland came into office pledged to

reduce the tariff, and after a weary delay Congress passed a Tariff Bill, which Mr. Cleveland refused to sign because he considered it did not, in good faith, make the reductions which the people had a right to expect. In Mr. Cleveland's opinion the duties were not low enough; in the opinion of the Republicans the duties were so dangerously low that they were the cause of hard times, and a million men, it was said, under the operations of the Republican tariff earning regular wages as high-priced mechanics and artisans, were tramping the country willing to take any odd job to keep from starvation.

The danger now is not that the duties
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may be too high to meet Mr. Wilson's approval, but that they may be so indiscriminately revised that they will be too low to command his support. Mr. Wilson knows what a sensitive thing business is and how easily it takes alarm, and for that reason he is not likely to give encouragement to extreme Tariff Reformers, without practical knowledge of business, who think there is as little danger in tearing business to pieces as a child believes he can improve a clock by taking out the works. If the Democrats go about their tariff making with a light heart it will be fatal to them, and Mr. Wilson is too sensible to lend himself to any such folly.

A. Maurice Low.

NIETZSCHE AND THE LATEST PHILOSOPHY.

It must be gratifying, not only to Dr. Schiller and those who think with him, but also to philosophers of every school, to observe how wide is the present demand for philosophic literature of the highest class. Of his two volumes before us the later, which includes essays that deal with rather abstruse problems of epistemology, has actually won its way into a second edition at the same moment as its more popularly written forerunner; though the latter, enlarged to the extent of four new and important papers, can look forward to continuing the race on more equal terms. If, then, Dr. Schil-

ler finds many readers, this fact is, at least in part, to be set down to the favorable conditions of the time; though partly, of course, it is a personal triumph, due to the ease and perfect lucidity of his style.

Why are the times favorable to philosophy? Because society seeks regeneration, and turns to its trained thinkers to formulate, and, as far as possible, to validate, its claims and aspirations. Materialism does not satisfy. Consciously or semi-consciously, the present generation discerns in it nothing but a sophistic bolstering-up of a social system wherein men are treated as machines. Whatever may be, or may have been, the case in the outer court of science, within the temple of philosophy the gospel of machinery, whether social or cosmic, has been consistently scouted and decried. To philosophy the world has always looked, and rightly looked, for idealism. But what form is this idealism to take? As soon as the question is put, humanity's parliament of speculative

* "Humanism: Philosophical Essays." By F. C. S. Schiller. Second Edition, Enlarged. (Macmillan & Co.)

"Studies in Humanism." Second Edition (Same author and Publishers).

"The New Realism: Co-operative Studies in Philosophy." By Edwin E. Holt, Walter T. Marvin, William Pepperell Montague, Ralph Barton Perry, Walter B. Pitkin, and Edward Gleason Spaulding. (New York. Macmillan Co.)

"Vital Lies: Studies of some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism." By Vernon Lee. 2 vols. (John Lane.)

"The Philosophy of Nietzsche, an Exposition and an Appreciation." By George Chatterton Hill. (Ouseley.)

thinkers parts naturally into the ever-conflicting groups of conservators and innovators, haves and would-haves. And both sides are necessary and helpful in their way. If most of the constructive force is with the party of reform, the best critics are, perhaps, usually to be found on the other side. Meanwhile, it is every philosopher's dream to be the complete thinker, constructive and critical at once.

Now Dr. Schiller is an idealist of the progressive school. He is essentially evolutionist in his vision of the universe. Just as the biologist, whilst fully recognizing that life is throughout continuous, and in that sense single and unique, distinguishes endless forms of life, growing one out of the other, and puts most of his strength into giving each linked form its individual due; so the evolutionary philosopher, in his search for the inner and more ultimate meaning of life and the life-process, gives the best of his attention to the independent or quasi-independent manifestations of personality whereby the growth of society is conditioned. Not mind, but minds—minds that are, however, one in a sense analogous to that in which all the forms of life are one—provide him with his chief, or at any rate his proximate, subject-matter.

The reason why he selects this aspect of the facts is that he is a progressive; he is conscious of and interested in the future. The minds of the coming generations, he believes, have something of their very own to contribute to humanity's record. His idealism, then, is correspondingly one that tries to join hands with the thinkers and workers of to-morrow, to prepare the way for them by intelligent anticipation of their needs. His "humanism," in short, is simply a politics on a human, or widest, scale. He claims no more for his methods than any politician might—probable

value. His formulations are, frankly, not of what is and willy-nilly must be, but of what ought to be—of what we must pray and strive for.

The other kind of idealist tends to ignore minds in the plural, concentrating his interest on the mind or mentality at once common to those minds which he knows, and to the many other minds which he does not and cannot know. Herein he is, in the eyes of thinkers of the opposite school, like a biologist who should try to determine, on the strength of a visit to the nearest sheepfold, what constitutes the nature of sheep past, present, and future. That way lies verbalism, according to the progressives. You can fix, or at any rate can imagine that you are fixing, the dictionary value of sheep, even if the value of the real thing is for ever altering; for you can insist that, if notwithstanding the thing unconscionably chooses to evolve, then it ceases to be truly sheep within the proper meaning of the term. "After all," you say, "is the idea of sheep to wait upon the vulgar heels of naturalists, butchers, and so on? Knowledge sufficeth unto herself." The humanist retorts, "Whose knowledge?"

In his most recent work, entitled "Formal Logic," Dr. Schiller has ridiculed the static theory of knowledge with objections of this sort. He has proclaimed the perils attendant on a method that, having set up a system, a scheme of consistent meanings, would condemn the facts either to conform thereto or to be ignored. For the facts have an awkward habit of refusing to be ignored. To speak figuratively, they are the masses, and it is from the masses that the classes are constantly reinvigorated and renewed, by catastrophic means or otherwise.

This output of purely destructive criticism, though it occurred last in the order of time, comes first in

the order of the development of Dr. Schiller's thought. Having cleared the ground by the demolition of the rival edifice, he was in honor bound to provide his enemies with a construction for them to shatter, if in their turn they would and could. This, then, he does in the two volumes before us, and especially in "Studies in Humanism." He speaks in his new prefaces as if the outline of the new logic were still growing under his hand; indeed, on his principles there is no finality to be reached in the formulation of its laws. Nevertheless, we take it that he would be prepared to stand or fall by the general account of his method that he gives us here. It is a bold theory. (He holds that the making of truth—which is in some sense a fact that no one can deny—is at the same time veritably a making of reality.) He transcends the opposition between thought and things by making thought—the thought of this man and that—enter as a constitutive element into the very life and growth of the objective world.]

We need not examine Dr. Schiller's arguments in detail, as they have been before the world for some time. With the exception of the four reprinted articles that are added to "Humanism," there are so few changes that the pagination remains much the same. Though there is evidence of careful revision throughout, Dr. Schiller has found little that called for alteration. Only one passage, so far as we have been able to discover, has been rewritten and, to our mind, improved ("Studies in Humanism," p. 438). For the rest, here and there, especially in the essays bearing on logic and epistemology, the author—doubtless as a result of his recent preoccupations with the subject of Formal Logic—has successfully interpolated a line or two. A few examples may be cited, as the new mat-

ter serves well enough to show the trend of his thought, whilst it is at the same time illustrative of his incisive, if occasionally somewhat ribald wit.

Thus in "Humanism" he speaks of false and true thus:—

"The false is that which fails us and causes us to fail" (p. 38);

and

"Every assertion formally claims to be 'true,' and causes endless confusion if this formal claim is identified with 'real, and even 'absolute,' truth" (p. 57).

As for absolute truth, Dr. Schiller insists that its adherents are forced to represent it as a dead thing, a logical system devoid of inner movement:

"The movement of thought would have in any case to be pronounced psychological. For the selection of the points in the self-subsistent system, between which the thought mediated, could not be ascribed to the intrinsic nature of the system, but only to the human interest which effects the selection" (p. 52).

Nor does such a system gain by apotheosis, as when Lotze erects it into the Absolute. For

"its sole aim, apparently, is to keep on affirming its own identity in an eternal tautology, and why it should pretend to change in doing this remains unintelligible" (p. 73).

The same point is made, rather irreverently, at the expense of another even more famous Absolute, in "Studies in Humanism":

"Plato has rescued knowledge from the flux only by getting it into a fix" (p. 95).

We conclude our notice of Dr. Schiller with a citation from the last-mentioned work, which, bearing on the constructive side of his theory of knowledge, shows where the shoe is likely to pinch most. For his oppo-

nents charge him with pure subjectivism. If we create truth and even reality, they urge, we must create it out of nothing. Fact goes by the wall, and with it the power of controlling fancy, the power of verification. Thereto Dr. Schiller replies that "fact," or, as he terms it, "primary reality," has independent existence:

"Though it is always perceived by us in ways defined, or 'vitiated,' by our past interests and acts (individual and racial), and we are rarely conscious of all we read into our data, there is undeniably a 'given' in experience, or rather a givenness about it. We never experience it as purely given, and the nearer it comes to this the less we value it, but in a sense this 'primary reality' is important."

Thus the accusation of subjectivism appears to fall. Perhaps more is to be made out of a charge of dualism. We wish the critics good luck, though we fear that they will find Dr. Schiller hard to tackle in the field of metaphysics.

The changes of fashion in metaphysics are quite as queer, irrational, and unimportant as in the fashions. A few years ago whoever did not call himself an "idealist" (whatever his views) proclaimed himself a philosophic pariah, and risked (metaphysical) annihilation: now, even the "idealists," with the exception of a few veterans, are engaged in pandering to the plain man by asseverating that their doctrine is really a form of natural realism; and, in truth, the change is often merely one of verbal labels. In America the manifestations of this tendency are more robust, and the authors of "The New Realism" are prominent among the younger teachers of philosophy in the Eastern States.

Their book is polemical throughout, and though it does not cover quite the whole ground, it exhibits realistic speculation in the most systematic

form it has yet assumed. Upon a joint Introduction there follow essays on the emancipation of metaphysics from epistemology (Marvin), a realistic theory of independence (Perry), a defence of analysis (Spaulding), a realistic theory of truth and error (Montague), the place of illusory experience in a realistic world (Holt), and some realistic implications of biology (Pitkin). All this reading matter is decidedly solid, and in parts highly technical in its wording. Prof. Holt's contribution appears to be the ablest, clearest, and least dogmatic; while Prof. Pitkin's refutation of Kant by an appeal to the natural realism of flatfish is pleasingly original. All the authors are greatly dependent on Mr. Bertrand Russell for their ideas on logic, mathematics, and physics, but they have also a great belief in themselves and in the importance of their cause, conceiving their mission not merely as a refutation of "idealism," but also as the eradication of "criticism" from philosophy and a re-statement of "dogmatism." Indeed, some mitigation of their enthusiastic dogmatism would have been welcomed by their readers, if it had enabled them to state their opponents' case intelligibly before demolishing it.

The merits of their work lie in the details of discussions which cannot, unfortunately, be reproduced within the limits of this review; its defects are more general, and hinge essentially on questions of method. In the first place they frequently overestimate the scope of their arguments, and assume that to show the insufficiency of an idealist argument is equivalent to establishing a realist position. For example, it may be true that there is what they (hideously) term an "egocentric predicament"—i. e., that whether or not there is any reality independent of our knowing, it can be known by us only as it is

when we know it. It is doubtless unsound to infer from this a universal dependence of reality on mind; but surely this neither establishes positively the truth of realism, nor yet justifies realists in dispensing with such a definition of realism as will show it to be knowable. The "predicament's" proper lesson might be that both parties should look out for more conclusive arguments, or even that the dispute between them was insoluble.

Secondly, a procedure which always starts from ready-made "terms," and "analyzes" them without considering how and with what right they were arrived at, does not inspire much confidence. For it cannot surely be assumed that the genesis of a notion never has any bearing on its value, and that the verbal existence of a "term" attests that of a soluble problem. This difficulty makes itself particularly felt in regard to the problem of error. Messrs. Montague, Holt, and Pitkin see that it is vital to distinguish between truth and error (cf. p. 458); but they all seem to think that the realistic case is won if they can show that our "errors" are grounded in the nature of the real, and definable accordingly. Yet what is the scientific value of their procedure, unless their definition can be used to discriminate between the true and the false in actual inquiry? What use is it to know the definitions of truth and error, if one can never determine whether any assertion is the one or the other?

This brings out a third defect in the new realist method, viz., that it seems to content itself with laying down definitions, without troubling whether these are in fact applicable to reality. It is no doubt convenient to assume that whatever we have defined must therefore really be, but surely science is not so credulous as to believe this

without confirmation. Until, then, it is shown how this "new realism" can apply to the problems of real knowing, it would seem to have as little interest for science as the other metaphysics.

The luxury of a good swear has hitherto seemed as distinctively masculine a prerogative as that of a "good cry" has been a feminine indulgence; but nowadays we have changed all this, and Vernon Lee must have relieved her feelings considerably by the almost virile virulence of the oburgations she has spread over her "Studies of some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism." Her victims, the "modern obscurantists," are specifically the pragmatists (James and Dr. Schiller) Father Tyrrell and his Modernism, Mr. A. E. Crawley and his "anthropological apologetics," M. Sorel and "The Syndicalist Myth," and, more incidentally, M. Bergson and Renan. All these are represented as nefariously engaged in a plot to propagate "vital lies" of a religious, moral, or social order, and subjected to a severe and sometimes tediously prolonged and reiterative castigation. The fierce indignation of this criticism is, however, relieved by frequent epigrams and flashes of wit, and perhaps explained by the writer's attachment to an old-fashioned naturalism—for no literary lady likes to find that her fashions of thought have become out of date—and irritation at the preoccupation of the term "humanism," which she apparently wants as a label for her own speculations. These, as sketched, seem vague and incongruous enough, and amount to little beyond spelling Truth with a capital letter and praising "the humble and heroic habit of seeking and accepting it" (ii. 209). Her "definition" (ii. 207) that "Truth is that which does not care a button what you think of it" would not distinguish truth from a dead donkey.

and hardly seems a sufficient vantage-ground whence to attack the modern controversies about the meaning of the term.

The book's main interest, then, lies in its criticisms, especially of pragmatism, which has to bear the brunt of Vernon Lee's assault; but she is hardly equipped with the heavy artillery required to carry philosophic strongholds. She never engages herself very deeply, nor ventures to attack, e.g., the austere technicalities of Dewey, but skirmishes round the outskirts, at such a distance from the central positions that she hardly catches a glimpse of them. Her chief aim is to separate the nefarious doctrine of the Will to Believe from the scientific pragmatism which is innocent and even laudable, and to denounce James as a corrupter of the truth delivered unto him by Peirce—a laughable ambition to those who knew the two men and the ease with which James's modesty invented pegs to hang his views upon. Moreover, she has to admit that all her pragmatists exhibit traces of both her pragmatisms (l. 5, 17), and this should have led her to inquire into the reasons for this "confusion." She might thus have been led to note the *psychological* homogeneity of all the grounds of belief, which renders all opinions commensurable in terms of satisfaction and verification, and so have discovered the main stimulus to pragmatism. It is no doubt an intense annoyance to intellectualism to find all "truths" thus treated frankly as beliefs, with a psychological origin and a biological function; but the facts clearly show that such they are, and that, moreover, it is exceedingly hard to draw a line between "vital truths" and "vital lies," between scientific "principles" and "fictions." How these ideal structures are valued usually depends on the prejudices of the

valuer; but whoever doubts the facts may be recommended to acquaint himself with the 800 pages of Teutonically solid information which Prof. Valbinger has consecrated to expounding the scientific value of "fictions."

Pragmatism, then, can refuse to be dismembered, and puts its critics into the dilemma that they must either reject all valuable ideas as "fictions" or accept them all as "truths," or devise better means for discriminating the "true" from the "false." Vernon Lee's expedient of labelling as "opinions" the sense of "truth" obnoxious to her is vain; the least reflection shows that this is a description (like "vital lies") from the papal standpoint of a superior person who imagines that he has the truth, and does not allow for the facts that all "truths" are opinions, and all "opinions" we are entitled to assert the by their owners. When it is inquired further who is infallible, and of what "opinions" we are entitled to assert the absolute truth, it becomes plain that Vernon Lee's attack has failed.

She errs also in minor matters. That James identified "truth" and "usefulness" (l. 53) has never been admitted (cf. the current number of *Mind*); to say that pragmatism does not concern itself with lies (l. 52) betrays inadequate study of the literature; ll. 173 exhibits a confusion of "intellect" and "intellectualism." The demand (l. 10) for "some bolder Nietzsche" to proclaim that life needs fictions has long been supplied, both by Nietzsche himself, who said so very loudly and often, and by Prof. Valbinger. Lastly, the *churings* of the Arunta are not "bull-roarers" (ll. 7).

Finally, it must be said that Vernon Lee's excess of zeal against "obscurantism" has spoilt an excellent subject. A really constructive study of 'vital lies' and their social function would have been most valuable; for

ever since they were, as Vernon Lee points out, invented and patented by Plato's intellectualism, they have been the breeding-places of just the sort of intellectual dishonesty and muddle against which pragmatism is a protest. For a vitally necessary belief cannot remain a "lie" for biological reasons, while a belief which can be described as a "lie" has no longer vital value for those who can call it a lie. A "vital lie," therefore, is a paradox, conflated by confusing the standpoints of those who believe it true and those who believe it false. It may well be, however, that all intellectualism is itself essentially a "vital lie," and so represents the *detection* of the "lie" in its version of life.

It is easy to write a book about Nietzsche, for he uses few technical terms. It is also easy to write a mediocre book about him, as Mr. Chatterton-Hill has done: Nietzsche expresses himself with such force and frequency that certain essential points of his teaching cannot escape notice. But good books about him are likely to be rare, for he demands more than plain exposition, careful comparison and criticism of conflicting passages, and the other qualities which the writers of books about books usually possess. This volume is readable, and it sets forth some of Nietzsche's fundamental ideas clearly enough. It does not cover the whole field, however. Art, music, education, and some other topics of great importance to Nietzsche are treated casually and only, in parenthesis. "Eternal Recurrence" does not appear till the end of the book, and then provokes the author to a cannonade of rhetorical questions without any satisfying result. The chapter on the religions is, perhaps, the best. The comparison of Nietzsche with Max Stirner is good, too, and we note with interest that the author is in general

agreement with the view of Stirner put forward in *The Athenæum* of May 11th, especially as to the inconsistency of Stirner's individualism with his union of egoists.

There are faults of repetition, some affected passages appearing almost word for word in several places. Nietzsche himself has the habit of reiteration, it is true, but we question whether this book does not carry fidelity to its subject too far in repeating *ad nauseam* "life in all its plenitude," "the integral life," and many other catchwords. Nor can we forget certain observations about eternal snows and virgin forests, "the last sleep which knows no awakening," or "a faith which is as a burning flame, and which glows like the evening star in the pale azure sky." The punctuation is not above suspicion, nor the English unimpeachable. We thought, too, that the lost ideal of bucolic Birmingham was known beyond the possibility of error; yet we hear of *seven* acres and a cow. In places the argument itself is endangered by looseness of expression. More than once the author ascribes to Nietzsche the doctrine that life at any price is valuable, whereas it is Christianity and the modern spirit which keep incurables alive and flout eugenics. But the most serious fault of all is that Nietzsche is treated almost exclusively as a mere philosopher (which he was as little as he was a mere philologist), until in the last chapter the author states with some surprise that he was really a religious teacher of the highest order. Therefore, we add, the inconsistencies and metaphysical difficulties, on which the author lays such stress, may be neglected. Religions, while their myths are strong, can carry any load of metaphysical inconsistencies which philosophers care to lay upon them, and, as M. Fouillée has said, "Nietzsche's philosophy is composed of poetry

and mythology." Let the writer of the next book about him take the hint,
The Athenæum.

and not waste his time upon less important aspects of his theme.

THE RAIMENT OF CAPTIVITY.

Napoleon Boswell, the little gypsy, could time a flying horse to the hundredth part of a split second and be well out of the way of the strike of his heels, but he could not time a motor-car. Therefore one evening when a motor-car found him in a shady lane engaged upon shady work therein, it lifted him right into one hedge, while Cinder the lurcher rolled yelping into the other and the hare disappeared into the next field.

Poley lay still in the hedge and rapidly ran over all he had ever heard of other worlds than this, and he thought that his legs had been carried away in the motor-car. But they were not, for when at last a working portion of his understanding returned to him he discovered that he was lying in a bed of an appalling white color with his left leg hurting him viciously. The room appeared to be full of people—all of them Gajos. But even yet Poley could not pull himself sufficiently together to lie adequately to the question thrice addressed to him—

"What is your name, little boy, and where do you belong to?" He could only gaze with faintly moving lips at a tall lady bending over him.

"Stent, will you please ask him?" said this lady, moving back from the bed. "You may make him understand." A little lean chauffeur slid respectfully into the foreground, but once at the bedside he suddenly lapsed from his good manners and shouted loud in Poley's ear.

"Hey! what do they call you boy, and where d'yer live?"

"Elijah Turnbull," lied Poley, fertility of invention suddenly returning to

him, "and we live in Glasgow." The chauffeur shook his head disapprovingly.

"There have been some gypsies about lately, ma'am," he explained. "I saw them last night camping in Green Lane. It's like as not he belongs to them."

As a result of investigation in that quarter, it was not long before the pale faces of Poley Boswell's father and mother appeared in the doorway. They were in a condition of quivering shyness and of consternation pitiable to behold, but encouraged by sundry pushes from behind on the part of the chauffeur, who followed them closely, they were finally got into the room. Then suddenly their embarrassment gave way before the dawning horror of the situation, and Mrs. Boswell, with a faint scream, tumbled on her knees at the bedside of her son.

"Oh! my blessed Poley, my blessed little son! What in de worl' is de matter?" she wailed. "Oh! my blessed mother, take me home," Poley wailed back at her, and struggled fiercely to break away from his bed-clothes. But he was held down sternly and bidden to be a brave boy.

"I am so sorry, Mrs. Turnbull, about it all," the tall lady began very softly. "I am not so sure that it was really our fault, but there is no doubt that your son Elijah has broken his leg—and it's a rather bad break, I am afraid. The doctor tells me he cannot be moved for some time to come with safety. So you must trust us to take care of him here. He shall have everything done for him that can possibly be done, and we will take as much

care of him as if he were in a hospital."

This particular illustration of care was, however, somewhat unfortunately chosen, for it brought Mrs. Boswell on her knees again with a wall of fear. It is well known in the tents that Mrs. Boswell's great aunt Melinda had once been borne sorrowing to a hospital, and her people had never seen her face again. She died there of smallpox. But Mr. Boswell sternly rebuked his wife for her ebullition of feeling. "Be quiet, woman," he said. "You've got no manners, you're that owdacious and brazen. Don't be forgetting of your civility among civil people." Then turning towards the benefactress he explained, "You see we cannot abear to part with our son, lady, my wife and me. Now if he could only come along with us, we——"

"That would be a most risky proceeding, my good man," interrupted a sallow and solemn-looking man. He had previously hurt Poley's leg excruciatingly, and Poley had adjudged him a doctor and a murderer. "Unless you want to have a cripple for your son—quite permanently incapacitated—you had better leave him here with Miss Angela Freeling. As she makes you the offer you may be sure that that is the best course of action, and you may be very thankful for the chance she holds out."

At that Mr. and Mrs. Boswell stood and faced each other, and they exchanged a prolonged gaze, a look so long and so searching into each other's eyes that it seemed nothing less than an occult dialogue of intimate souls. Then two sharp words of Romani as conclusion, and Napoleon the elder turned to Miss Angela Freeling with a deep and respectful obeisance. "Wery well, lady, since you say so, so it shall be, and be sure we are wery willin' to trust with you our son, and thank you kindly for your offer. We are not onlearned people what does

not reckernize a high and noble offer. But it's a wery 'ard thing to part with our little boy like this—'ard to part with him like this in pain. 'E's like gold and silver to us is—is—our Elijah. You understand our feelings, lady."

Then Mrs. Boswell suddenly leaned over Poley and spoke very rapidly to him in Romani, and what she said, being interpreted, was this—"Listen Poley, for your life, listen. Your dad 'as just got into trouble about a horse, a very big trouble, and we are going off to-night—Redford way—far and quick as ever we can go. There aint a chanst of our stopping anywhere about here outside of the prison, so you'll just have to make the best of your way to find us as soon as ever you can get yourself out of this house of foolish Gajos. Do you understand, my Poley?"

Poley understood, and the horror of it all made him jump. Instantly a sharp pain shot down his leg, the room began to swim round him, and he seemed sinking, sinking down through the white bed till he was utterly lost in a dark, silent night of unconsciousness. When he woke up his father and mother were gone, and a bottle with an unknown horrible smell was being held against his nose.

So it fell out that for a season the tents of his people no longer knew Poley Boswell, and he dwelt miserably in the house of strangers. He hated it with all his soul. He hated the whiteness of his room. He hated the whiteness of the shirt that covered his brown skin. He hated the whiteness of the cup he drank out of; for no well-regulated gypsy ever uses white china. He longed, among all this trim and dazzling whiteness, for the dark, unshapely, and well-perforated tent which in happy days sheltered his slumbers. As for the people amongst whom he had come they seemed al-

together unaccountable in their ways and foolish in their minds. Their brave effort to conceal from him their disconcerting discovery of his parents' disappearance seemed the most fondly transparent piece of lying he had ever witnessed. He only wished they would out with it and save him the tedium of the daily performance of declaring, with many tears, his intention of killing himself if they didn't bring to him his father and mother. But excepting on this point of their dense foolishness he rather liked these people. There was no doubt they were kind in a clumsy, wrong-headed sort of way, bringing him picture-books of boys at school, of boys playing cricket, of boys trundling hoops, of boys doing all manner of things outside his notion of normal boyhood. The questions put to him too! Whether he really liked living in a tent; whether he was often hungry; whether he wouldn't like to work on a farm or be a gardener, and so on, and so on, till his head ached.

Though all this sort of thing spurred him to considerable inventiveness, and he lied in reply fluently and with circumstance, yet he felt they were so like children in his hands that he was sorely tempted a score of times to give up the game, tell the truth and risk the shaming of the devil.

But one day there was a gleam of brighter things. He elicited from Miss Angela Freeling that she was fond of horses, and kept two hunters. Her carriage-horses she had parted with for a motor. Her groom was now her chauffeur. Perhaps he remembered Alfred Stent, the groom? He had carried him upstairs after the accident. Poley remembered him and cursed him low in Romani. Had he not devilishly and clumsily driven over him and broken his leg? But here, at any rate, was a link of fellowship with at least one person in the house, and it must be confessed that Poley, growing more

and more homesick and longing to talk of the things he knew, waxed truthfully communicative and talked volubly of the horses that had come into his wide and varied experience of the road and the horse-fair. A bay mare in Miss Angela's stable had begun to show symptoms of strangles, and Poley ventured to shake his head over the groom's treatment, and went so far as to suggest a prescription of his own which Miss Angela Freeling wrote down on paper. This solemn recording act was impressive, and ministered to Poley's pride, but he wondered why she couldn't carry it in her head as he did.

At last came the hour of release. Poley left his horrible white bed; then his room. Finally he was given a crutch and was helped downstairs to the kitchen. At last he went out of doors. Oh! how good it was just to sniff the free fresh air of heaven again and see the wide sky overhead. His heart bounded at the sight; and that surely, coming down to him on the wind, was the smell of horses! He nosed at it luxuriously, and then away he tottered awkwardly on his crutch straight for the stable-yard. And there he found himself in the presence of Alfred Stent, who was sweeping the yard in leisurely manner. Poley looked at him in disgust. A groom, a master of horses, who had humbled himself to become a mere engine-driver! And it was such a man, going on still in his wickedness, who had brought all this misery into Poley's life. Presently the groom raised his small person, leaned on his broom and gazed on Poley critically through one eye. "Ello! young Gyppo . . . And where are you a-goin' a-stealing that crutch?" For which salutation Poley's hatred of the moment became a hatred for all eternity. He therefore sharpened his tongue. "I'm only a-goin', Mr. Stent, to see to what purpose you've been draggin' that bay mare."

Alfred Stent opened his second eye amazedly. "Elijah Turnbull," he growled, "I'll trouble you to mind your own business. What do you know about the bay mare, I'd like to know?"

"There's no call to be angry, Mr. Stent," said Poley, suddenly meek. "I only know as she had strangles, and I jest wanted to look at her. It's so very easy a thing to cure is strangles in a healthy 'oss."

"Well, then, the bay mare 'as gone so you carn't see her. She went yesterday. To 'ear a little hedge-bottom vagabone like you talk of curing an 'orse makes me laugh."

Certain croaking sounds in the throat of Mr. Stent testified to the intensity of the amusement that he felt, as he brought his broom into slow action again and proceeded noisily with his occupation. Poley eyed him contemplatively a while, and then he said:

"I wouldn't exactly say as you 'ad made a mistake, Mr. Stent, seeing as I don't know *all*—who you've a-parted with her to, and a lot of other things besides. There's often a deal to know about a sick 'oss." Then he turned on his heel and hobbled slowly out of the stable-yard. Poley had only drawn a bow at a venture, but the bolt flew close enough apparently to make Mr. Stent stop his work, steady himself on the broom-handle and gaze after Poley's retreating figure with an awestruck look on his face.

Poley's recovery was rapid. He had fine recuperative powers. He healed like the tough little sapling of a hedge-thorn stock that he was, and a few days after the interview with Mr. Stent he was able to skip on his crutch at a pretty brisk pace to the drive where, early one morning, he heard the clatter of a horse being put through his paces. It was a well-built, shapely hunter by which stood Miss Angela, Alfred Stent, and a big horse dealer

whom Poley knew well as a frequenter of the better-class horse-fairs. He was a man of a fiery face and a watery voice, a voice that had always offended Poley, being subtly suggestive of the dribblings of a muddy soul. Stent was standing a little in the background of the group, so that Poley came up to his side unobserved.

"It's a better piece of 'orseflesh in every way, madam, than the bay mare," he heard the dull gurgle of the dealer's voice. "You may trust me, madam, when I say—in every way. It was a shockin' error I made in taking 'er off your 'ands, madam, for I'll never be able to make a saleable mare of her—not if I live to a 'undred. Tell yer, madam, I can see her bein' a dead lors to my pocket."

"Oh, I hope not, Mr. Flammock," Miss Angela replied deprecatingly, "I should not like that, but I really don't think you'll find it so bad as you think. Now I *do* believe you about this chestnut. There is no doubt about his quality, and he carried me well in the paddock."

Thus Poley learnt what had become of the bay mare. It gave him food for rapid reflection and even for conjecture. Then he proceeded swiftly to run over with some satisfaction the points of the bay mare's possible successor, till suddenly his eye rested on a feature which filled him with suspicions—a certain danger signal for which a gypsy horse dealer is always on the alert. Then the devil entered into Poley's heart. He remembered nothing but the injury he had received at the hands of his enemy standing by his side, so unconcerned and unsuspecting of danger. Poley threw away caution, and drawing closer to Alfred Stent he whispered in a very low voice, "What are you gettin' on this deal, Alfred? Your pockets will be 'bout as heavy with sovereigns as that horse's belly is full of shot."

The unexpected happened. It was Miss Angela who suddenly turned on Poley, and it was no longer the pleasant-mannered Miss Angela of heretofore. Her voice had become hard, and her eyes were so penetrating that he quailed before them.

"What was it you said just then, Elijah Turnbull?" she demanded.

Poley shuffled uneasily on his crutches. "I said nothink," he stammered.

"You are telling a lie, Elijah," she said, and her eyes seemed to burn his soul. "What is it you said to Stent?"

Then Poley's pluck suddenly departed, his inventive powers fled from him, and he replied: "I said as that 'oss warn't—warn't all as he should be."

"What's the matter with him?" Miss Angela's eyes held him still in their compelling grip, and Poley replied: "Gone i' the wind." Then he knew that he was a lost soul.

There was a moment's awful silence. The dealer's fiery visage glowed hot like a furnace under the bellows. Sounds came from his throat as if a thick overflow were preparing, but Miss Angela turned abruptly to the groom. "Saddle that horse again," she said, "and bring me my whip."

The ten minutes that followed, during which Miss Angela was galloping the horse round and round the meadow, were about the most uncomfortable Poley ever remembered spending in all his life.

He and the groom and the dealer stood at the stable-gates, and the groom and the dealer alternately cursed each other in low, and cursed Poley in loud, tones. Poley, ear-hardened as he was to the language of horse-fairs and roadside inns, shivered at the things which were to befall him in body and soul for his interference in "a business which warn't his." By the time Miss Angela Free-

ling had at last drawn rein and dismounted he was prospectively a blasted cinder of the under-world. Miss Angela descended at some distance from the group. She held the horse by the rein and listened carefully, then she led him straight up to the dealer.

"He is touched in the wind, Mr. Flammock," she said quietly.

The dealer protested turgidly. "Oh, no! madam, I'm sure, madam. Oh, dear, no. There aint no person could say that. He may be just a leetle bit weak in that point, as you might say, and as I told Alfred Stent here. No one can ever say as Jerry Flammock don't speak out straight of the bad points as well as the good points of the 'osses he sells. 'Be sure,' I says to Alfred Stent, 'you tell the lady that if he has a weak point about him it is in the wind—but otherwise—'"

Stent's face paled. At first words failed him, then he broke out in breathless haste: "It's a d—d lie, ma'am. He didn't tell me nothink of the sort."

"Don't swear in my presence," said Miss Angela, sternly; and then turning to the dealer she threw the bridle to him.

"I cannot say I like either you or your horse," she said coldly. "And I won't purchase. You will find that the nearest way out of the park."

Then she turned on her heel, and Poley, thinking discretion the better part of valor, followed her closely upon his crutch. But she never turned to speak to him, and went up the steps and into the house without a word.

The curious thing was that Miss Angela never alluded to this incident of the chestnut horse again, but the next day she sent for Poley into her presence. The woman who the day before had cowed him into telling a most audacious truth disappeared. She was once more the foolish woman of

no understanding. She first broke to him with much pathos the news of his parents' disappearance. Then she gently laid before him her plans for his future, including the provision of a good situation on a farm at an early date. Poley assumed a duly broken-hearted attitude in view of the loss of his parents, and an attitude of thanksgiving at the dazzling prospect of being able to earn for himself an honest livelihood. He left her presence shedding some tears of mingled sorrow and gratitude. While she smiled happily to herself, contemplating with much inward satisfaction the paths of plenty and of righteousness into which she proposed to lead little Elijah Turnbull, who had been so providentially useful to her.

Now this new development would no doubt have become perplexing had it not been followed with a felicitous alacrity by another incident of an altogether different nature. Poley's heart bumped up into his mouth one afternoon when he saw the flutter of a hawker's "mongin-guno" (begging apron) at the kitchen door. He approached warily and saw that it was Mrs. Linda Sherrard, a "posh-rat" (half-breed) of his acquaintance, selling clothes-pegs. He knew better than draw near whilst she was engaged in her trafficking at the door, but he lay in ambush for her in the shrubbery.

"Lor! Poley Boswell, is that you? What a fright you guv me! But my gracious! how fat you've grownd."

"Where have dey got to?" he demanded eagerly.

"Listen," she said, lowering her voice, "and I'll tell you what I've got to tell you. Are you hearkening?"

"By de good Lord I am."

"Well, then, I seed your people down on Daltworth Common a week ago, and your dad, he says, if you can just get at our Poley, say as on the 27th of August, early morning, I'll be at Wilm-

ing Cross Roads. You know where that is?"

Poley nodded.

"Tell him," he says, "that I dursn't come no nearer to him than that, and tell him if he is not there at daybreak on Wednesday fortnight as I won't own him my son no more. S'elp me God!"

"Dat's what he said, was it?" said Poley.

"Yes! that's what he said—the werry artical words. And your poor dear mother is a-crying after you every day. Elseways she's doin' well."

"Ho!" said Poley reflectively. Then—

"Give us a bit o' tuvlo (tobacco) my blessed woman. I'm most a-dyin' for a smoke."

Mrs. Sherrard helped him out of a little screw of paper towards life again, and went her way.

Two perplexities were now ever present with Poley Boswell. The first to avoid the paths of the infuriated Mr. Stent, who, being under a month's notice, fell to cursing vehemently whenever Poley came within his range of vision. The second, and far the greater perplexity, was how to be at his father's side at the Cross Roads on Wednesday fortnight. Poley had never been confronted by such a problem in all the fourteen years he had spent upon God's earth. He thought about it waking. He dreamt about it upon his white pillow, but he could not see his way through the trouble. He felt as if he were all the time groping in a dark wood in the middle of the night.

In after years Poley Boswell always thought of it as an intervention of a highly beneficent Providence that early on August 26, by the mercy of the dear God in Heaven, Miss Angela Freeling sent for him again into her fine drawing-room. This sacred place glittered like a shooting gallery with mirrors, and was soft under foot as the turf of the downs.

"Sit down, Elijah," she said, and pointed out a white skeleton-like chair. Poley sat down uneasily with a thumping heart. He felt that the moment was big with fate for him. Then she unfolded before him a prospect immediate and astounding.

"Elijah, you will go from here to the Rectory to-day. You are well enough for work now. There you will clean the boots and knives and be useful about the house. Later you will work in the garden."

Poley's face expressed breathless interest. Inwardly, he swore deeply in Roman.

"The Rector has a pony," she added, "and you will look after that, which is work you will like Elijah, and can do well."

Poley seethed with scorn of this clumsy compensation for the cleaning of boots and knives, but his face only expressed expectancy.

"To-night the Rector is dining with me," she said, "and he will take you back with him, and I hope you will be as good a lad, Elijah, there as you have been here."

Poley encouraged the signs of a sob in his throat, feeling that tears would become him at this point, and at that Miss Angela fell into one of those fits of folly that were so incomprehensible to him.

"My poor little fellow," she said, with a catch in her voice. "Of course you will feel losing your parents like this, and it must all seem such a tremendous change to you. But some day you will understand what a good thing it has been for you to have been saved from all that wandering sort of life and to have been placed like this in a quite respectable and honorable way of living."

Poley left her presence feeling rather stunned. He could not piece together the whole situation at once. It took

him the best part of an hour, stretched under a hedge in the park, to see things clearly. But when he rose and limped back to the house there was a light in his eyes which had not been there for days, and he fairly laughed outright as he watched two rabbits leaping over one another for sheer fun and frolic in the sunshine. "Dese blessed little things have de devil in their feet too," he said.

It was about eight that evening when suddenly Poley appeared before Alfred Stent in the harness-room. The groom had just put the Rector's cob in the stable and was sitting over the fire chewing the cud of his discontent. When he saw Poley in the doorway he began to thunder and lighten against him.

"There ain't no need to say all them things of me, Mr. Stent," Poley said humbly. "I've just come to say I'm sorry for what I've done." Mr. Stent stared with hard eyes. "Yes," said Poley, his words tumbling over one another out of a sheer tumult of contrition. "I see now as I've done you a wrong, Mr. Stent, along of not minding my own business."

"What's your game now?" asked Alfred Stent, eyeing him with fierce, cold suspicion.

"There ain't no game. I swear there ain't. I'm only sorry for the mischief I've done you, and far as I can, I want to put things right between us before I go."

"Get out!" thundered the infuriated Stent, picking up a brush threateningly. Poley held his ground. "Now, Mr. Stent," he said, his lips still full of grace, "if you'll jest listen quiet, I can put things right."

"Get out!" shouted Stent again, and the brush whistled through the air. Poley dodged the missile with skill, and continued patiently.

"Put things right between us—

There's Mr. Flammock now——"

"What about 'im?" asked Stent, with a sudden interest.

"Well, didn't Jerry Flammock deal far worse by you than ever I did—and—and—you can be even with him if you like."

"Either speak out straight, young gypsy, or go," growled Stent, "elseways I'll carry you out dead myself."

"Well, arn't I telling you quick as I can? Jerry Flammock has jest gone up the road with two 'osses to the Wheatsheaf. I seed him go. The man's 'arf drunk as he's going to sell 'em to. I 'eard the chap galdering about what he was goin' to buy from Jerry on the inn doorstep just now when I went up to the post. Now Mr. Stent" . . . (and Poley threw an infinite cunning into his face as he said the words) "if you don't stop that deal for Jerry Flammock and send 'im home with them 'osses on his 'ands you're not the clever man I take you for. There now!"

"But, you cursed little gypsy," cried Stent, trembling with eagerness but still in doubt, "I cannot get away from here. I am tied up. I've got to get the Parson's cob in the trap at 'arf-past nine, don't you see, and that gives me no time."

"Plenty," said Poley. "Why, Mr. Stent, you can leave the cob to me, cannot you? I'll harness him for you, if you'll be back sharp to take him round. I'll have him ready for you, every strap and buckle of him."

Stent seized his cap. The fever of vindictiveness had gripped his soul. He hesitated no longer, but just paused at the yard gate to whisper hoarsely back through the dusk, "Mind you be ready sharp with the trap at 9.20, young Turnbull, or else won't I break you—not 'arf!"

Poley watched his disappearing figure with a curiously eager face, and then he laughed low. "Alfred Stent,"

he said, "I don't think as I can attend to your business, for I've got to go a long, long way before half-past nine to-night. Tatcho (true) as my dad!"

It was a quarter to ten when Miss Angela Freeling rang the drawing-room bell imperatively for the second time.

"I ordered the Rector's pony-carriage round a quarter of an hour ago. Where is Stent?"

The maid standing in the doorway turned first red and then pale.

"Please ma'am," she said, "he's in the stable-yard just now."

"Well! why does not he bring the pony round?"

"Please ma'am, he says as he's been tryin' his best."

"Trying his best! What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Trying his best to find the pony."

"Find the pony?"

"Yes, ma'am, he says he cannot find the pony nowheres, not in the stable, nor the road, nor the park."

An awful silence fell on the drawing-room. The Rector broke it, saying: "Dear me! I don't understand!"

"And the trap?" asked Miss Angela in a tremulous voice.

"Oh, the trap is there in the yard all right, ma'am." Miss Angela pulled herself together to think, and she was not always "the small knowing soul" that Poley conceived her.

"Where is Elijah Turnbull? He was to be ready to go with the Rector at half-past nine."

"Please ma'am, we have not seen him for an hour. We've called loud enough and looked everywhere, but we cannot find him—and please ma'am, we believe in the kitchen, ma'am—that he's gone with the pony."

Miss Angela turned to the bereft Rector, who was sitting as one in a dream. "My dear Rector," she said, with a rather white face but an upward twitching of the corners of her

mouth. "My dear Rector, I am truly sorry about this, but it is borne in upon me, it is somehow borne in upon me that our gypsy boy has stolen your horse."

And Poley was riding, riding, riding away into the glorious dark of the night. His heart within him was singing songs of glee to the time of the patter of the pony's hoofs on the roadside turf. On and on over the lonely and deserted road. Thank the good Lord for the solitude. Gypsies do not fear loneliness, except in ghost-haunted lanes, when their consciences are afraid and they are not leading the uncorrupt life of a Poley Boswell. To Poley it was a matter of entire congratulation that there was not a soul stirring, not a sound drifting over the fields. On and on through the dark hours, keeping the Parson's pony steadily to her stride—the Parson's pony, game but astonished at these unwonted proceedings of the night. On and on through the dark hours into the grey hours until at last into the welcome dawn. Before Poley's eyes the young day gradually began to shake itself free from the gloom, and then suddenly flashed out in all the brave, glittering, silver array of sunrise, and lo! there in the dazzling first light of the day—with a haze of glory all round—the most wonderful sight in all the world for Poley. A tall, splendidly built and highly decorated dogcart standing hard by a fir wood, and in it a woman sitting gazing earnestly down the road. A man was stooping to tighten the girths of the horse between the shafts.

"My blessed Dad! My blessed Dada!"

Poley nearly choked with joy. His heart was a turmoil of it, but when he pulled rein and tumbled off his pony all he said was: "This little 'oss is a stayer, dad. Mi-duvel, he's a stayer." And they said nothing to him by way of greeting, but Mrs. Boswell sobbed aloud.

"Where did you get dat dere cob, Poley?" asked his father, hoarsely. "What game o' mischief have you been up to now?"

"It's de 'Rashaf's grai' (Parson's horse) my dad, as I had to take to carry me, else I couldn't never have got to you all dis way with a broken leg."

"Did you ever hear o' sich a thing in all your life?" Napoleon the elder groaned—"but I ain't a-goin' to have no stolen horses into our company. It's bad enough for us now as it is. So make haste and turn him out into dat dere field behind de fir wood, and shut him up. Mi-duvelaste man, do it quickly now, for de tents is twenty miles from here."

Poley did as he was bid, and reluctantly parted with his mount in a pleasant pasture behind the wood. He patted him tenderly as he said good-bye.

"Think on you don't ever forget me, my beautiful little 'oss," he said, "for I won't ever forget you long as I do live for what you've done for me to-night. De Lord bless you, my precious bit o' gold."

Then he rejoined his parents, who were hastily preparing for departure. Poley was stowed away deep under the seat of the dogcart as a present precaution, and covered up with sacks.

"Eat dat, my gorgeous angel," said Mrs. Boswell, as she thrust an enormous lump of bread and meat into his eager fingers. "It ain't the victuals of highfliers and gentle-folks," she added, "but it's the sweet food of your own people wot you ought to think all de worl' of now, Poley."

But before Poley began to make his breakfast he wriggled his black head out from among the sacks.

"My blessed Mother, jest lean over here," he said, "I want to say something to you very quiet."

She leaned over to him.

"What is it you wants to say, my son?"

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But he said nothing at all. He only wreathed his arms tight round her neck and kissed her.

R. O. M.

THE MAGIC AND CRAFT OF COLERIDGE *

It is not likely that a fuller edition than this will ever be published of Coleridge's poetry. The reader will look first at the poems and fragments never printed before, but he will find no new treasure among them. There are some pieces called Epigrams and Jeux d'esprit, neither better nor worse than others published before, which one reads only to wonder why Coleridge wrote them. Among the fragments are lines faintly prophetic of famous passages—

And all the City silent as the Moon
That steeps in quiet light the steady
vanes

Of her huge temples.

Having written *prophetic*, we saw that this was dated 1804-5, whereas "The Ancient Mariner," published in 1798, has the stanza—

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

So the fragment is not prophecy, but feebler reminiscence; so early had Coleridge begun to live on his past. The metrical experiments are more interesting, though we cannot feel all the enthusiasm which Professor Saintsbury expresses in his notes to them. The best are not novelties, but revivals of old effects, Elizabethan and Jacobean. One or two are also pretty poems—

Go little Pipe! for ever I must leave
thee,

Ah, vainly true!

* The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited By H. H. Coleridge. Two Volumes. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. London, Frowde. 16s. net.)

Never, ah never! must I more receive
thee?

Adieu! Adieu!

Well, thou art gone! and what remains
behind,

Soothing the soul to Hope?

The moaning Wind—

Hide with sere leaves my Grave's undaisied Slope.

That is well enough; but we remember how Keats, in his fragment of an Ode to Maia, made a metrical experiment and also wrote great poetry of his own. The edition contains a photogravure of a remarkable pencil-portrait of Coleridge by C. R. Leslie, made about 1818. It is a little sentimental, but expresses both the genius and the weakness of the poet.

The most valuable part of this edition is the "exhaustive summary of various readings derived from published and unpublished sources;" and we may take it that the text is now finally established. We note, for instance, that in the first line of "Work without Hope"—

All nature seems at work. Slugs leave
their lair,

the better reading *Slugs* is not only preferred to *Stags*, but proved to be right; for a note tells us that the word *Snails* is erased in the manuscript. *Stags* was printed when the poem was first published in the *Bijou* for 1828 and has been often repeated, no doubt from a notion that it was more poetical. Mr. Coleridge apologizes for the number of trifling or accidental variants of the text which he gives in his notes. We are grateful to him for the labor he has spent on them,

for they show us the critic as well as the poet in action. As he says—"Now, for the first time, the MSS. of Coleridge's poems which are known to be extant are in a manner reproduced and made available for study and research."

Thus, the first version of "The Ancient Mariner," published in the "Lyrical Ballads," is, of course, well known. But Mr. Coleridge prints all its variations in his notes to the final version, so that one can compare them with the text and see at a glance what later editions were made. So far as we can judge, every change was an improvement, negative or positive. In the version of the "Lyrical Ballads" Coleridge was too conscious that he was writing a ballad. He sometimes tried to be naïve and quaint, and succeeded in being almost silly—

He holds him with his skinny hand—
Quoth he, there was a Ship—
Now get thee hence thou greybeard
Loon!

Or my Staff shall make thee skip.

Sometimes, too, he insisted too much on detail. Thus he said of the Albatross that "the Mariners gave it biscuit-worms," which is very likely just what they would have done. But in the final version this line becomes—

It ate the food it ne'er had eat.

And it is worth while considering why the change is an improvement. It is not because biscuit-worms are prosaic creatures or an anachronism, but because they arrest the reader's attention and keep it too long on the first line of the stanza. We might define the prosaic in poetry as we define dirt. It is merely matter in the wrong place. These biscuit-worms, if they were a detail important to the main theme of the poem, would not be prosaic however disgusting in themselves. They were struck out because, being disgusting, they were likely to attract

more notice than was due to them. No doubt Coleridge first put them in because he was reacting against the abstract vagueness of eighteenth century poetry. Indeed, "The Ancient Mariner" in its first version was a manifesto as well as a wonderful poem. It was the most romantic of all poems of the romantic movement.

There was no passage in it which gave Coleridge so much trouble as that in which he describes the Skeleton-Ship with Death and Life-in-Death on board. This is the most extremely romantic incident in the poem; and as it was first written it had some likeness to the mechanical horrors of Monk Lewis, who in his ballad of "Alonzo the Brave" tells us that

The worms they crept in and the
worms they crept out,
And sported his eyelids and temples
about.

So Coleridge described Death in this stanza, afterwards suppressed—

His bones were black with many a
crack,

All black and bare I ween;
Jet-black and bare, save where the rust
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust

They're patch'd with purple and
green.

There we have everything that was temporary and provincial in the romantic movement; everything that was wantonly opposed to classical good-sense and proportion. Coleridge meant it to be horrible, but, like most things written with that aim, it makes one laugh rather than shudder. Mr. Coleridge also gives a new stanza "found added in the handwriting of the poet in the margin of a copy of the Bristol edition of the 'Lyrical Ballads.'" It comes just before the stanza we have just quoted, and runs thus:—

This ship it was a plankless thing,
—A bare Anatomy!
A plankless spectre—and it mov'd
Like a Being of the Sea!

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The woman and a fleshless man
Therein sate merrily.

In the final version Coleridge describes neither Death nor the Ship in set terms; and we do not miss the description of them, because our attention is concentrated on the nightmare Life-in-Death.

There are cases in which the change of a word or two turns commonplace into magic. Thus: "Like April hoarfrost spread" was first merely "Like morning frosts y-spread"; and the last of the lines

Till clomb above the Eastern bar
The horned Moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip

ran originally "almost atween the tips." Coleridge seems to have made far fewer changes in "Christabel" in the course of composition, although Mr. Coleridge has sought for variations in three different MSS. Those which he gives are mostly unimportant; but where the text runs

Then suddenly, as one defied,
Collects herself with scorn and pride,
And lay down by the Maiden's side!

Coleridge first wrote

She took two paces and a stride
And lay down by the maiden's side.

This is a kind of Pre-Raphaelite particularity into which Tennyson, Rossetti, and Morris often fell afterwards. It was, no doubt, the result of a healthy reaction against the vagueness of statement to which all poets are tempted; but here, as in the case of the biscuit-worms, it arrests the reader's attention too much, besides conveying the impression that Geraldine was taking the measurements of the bedroom.

But of all the variations which Mr. Coleridge gives, the most interesting are those of "Youth and Age." The first MS. begins with this irrelevant jingle:—

On the tenth day of September,
Eighteen hundred Twenty Three,
Wednesday morn, and I remember
Ten on the Clock the Hour to be
[The Watch and Clock do both agree.]

Then, after a curious incoherent passage of prose, follows, under the title "Aria Spontanea," the first draft of the poem starting with the lines, "Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like." The intervening prose begins, "An air that whizzed *διὰ ἐγκεφάλου* (right across the diameter of my Brain) exactly like a Hummel Bee," but does not make it clear whether the air first took shape in the jingle or the poem. If in the jingle, it changed its character very much in the poem. The second MS. begins much like the first version:

Verse, that Breeze mid blossoms straying
Where Hope clings feeding like a Bee.

So that perhaps the bee of the prose found his way into the poem. Now the manner in which this poem was composed, taken together with Coleridge's account of the composition of "Kubla Khan," may help us to understand why he wrote so little poetry of the highest quality and so much that is altogether inferior. We might have expected that Coleridge, being both a philosopher and a poet, would succeed in fusing his poetry and his philosophy; but unfortunately, when he combines them, he spoils both. They are always better apart; and his finest poetry is not remarkable for thought, as his finest thought is not remarkable for passion. In fact, the poet and the philosopher were two different people in him; and he could use his intellectual power, not in composing his poetry, but only in correcting it. No fine poetry is less intellectual than his best. That seems to be made up partly of sheer music, of airs that whizzed through his head like a bee, and partly of associations

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that were linked together by the music. It is worth noting, for instance, that the lines at the end of "Kubla Khan":

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise—

appear to allude to the Rishi, a kind of eremite who, by living on dew and wild fruits in the wilderness, attains to a supernatural ecstasy and wisdom. He is a common subject of Chinese pictures, and some of these would serve as perfect illustrations to the poem. If Coleridge had read about Rishis—and he had read about most things—they would be brought into his mind by the mere fact that the poem began about an Emperor of China, and their ecstasy would supply fitting words to the climax of the music.

"Kubla Khan," as Coleridge himself tells us, was composed in what we should now call his subconsciousness. And he appears only to have been inspired when his subconsciousness took control of him. True, "The Ancient Mariner" is a coherent poem; but if we examine it closely we shall see that it is made up of a number of visions, all associated with the sea, and that the story is only a means of introducing these. The poetry rises to its height in each vision; and each seems to supply its own separate inspiration. It is only the poet's critical power and his craft that links them together so that we are not aware of the links. For a poet can, of course, exercise craft and critical power upon the works of his subconsciousness. He can, indeed, enlarge and heighten them with his conscious genius; and this is what most poets do. But in Coleridge the conscious genius seems to have been almost as feeble as the will; in-

deed, there was probably some connection between the feebleness of both. Apart from his great intellect, he had this magical gift which came and went as dreams come and go. When it was absent, he had no magic at all; and it only came frequently for a short period of his life. There are songs in which he tries to tempt it back and only half succeeds or fails altogether. We can see him coaxing it, as it were, in some of his metrical experiments. He starts a tune in hopes that the words will fit it; but they do not, and the result is accomplished minor poetry. It comes and goes suddenly in the midst of the splendid rhetoric of the first stanza of the "Ode to France," and for the other four stanzas he has to rely on rhetoric alone. There is a touch of it here and there in many poems, but not enough to keep them alive, were it not for "The Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." Perhaps "Frost at Midnight" and "Work without Hope" attained to their high excellence without it. They are, at any rate, fine poetry such as other poets might have written, and we can understand how the subject in each case inspired him to write them. But in the best of Coleridge subject is not the inspiration any more than in a tune. They seem to have nothing to do with any experience; they are themselves experiences with less relation to any reality than dreams. Coleridge read in "Purchas his Pilgrimage": — "In Xamdu did Cublai Can build a stately Palace, encompassing sixteen miles of plaine ground with a wall, wherein are fertile Meddowes, pleasant Springs, delightfull Streames, and all sorts of beasts of chase and game, and in the midst thereof a sumptuous house of pleasure." Those words set him off, and we may believe the story of the dream composition and the imperfect and interrupted waking remembrance of it if we please. In any case, it was

only the most extreme example of his method of composition in all his best poetry. He could not finish "Christabel" either, though Martin Tupper could. We believe that he has been

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unjustly reproached for not giving the world more of his magic. He gave all that was given to him, and the greatest of poets or of men could not have done more.

CONCERNING TEMPLES AND FACTORIES.

He hath violently taken away an house which he builded not.—Job.

The other day I was standing in St. Martin's le Grand watching the demolition of the old Post Office. It was an impressive sight. The line of black pillars, almost unsupported and unconnected, stood up against the grey sky, and behind them men were hacking at the old walls, levering and digging in the plaster, and every minute or so, with an explosion and a cloud of white dust, sending down a fragment of the fabric to swell the rubbish heap below. I had never closely examined this old building in the days of its occupation; but now, as it was vanishing before my eyes, I realized with what intention of beauty and grandeur the stones of that façade had been erected. I say intention rather than fulfilment, because our ideas of what is beautiful and grand vary from decade to decade, whereas the intention to make a beautiful and grand thing is the same and recognizable everywhere and always. Dead men had given time and labor to the making of this place beautiful; a dead architect had evolved it from his thoughts, dreamed of it as it would one day spread its façade in dignity along the busy thoroughfare; but he had not dreamed that so soon, while it was still firm and solid on its foundations, honestly sheltering from the weather the manifold activities which it had been designed to shelter, it would be attacked by the pick-axe, disintegrated and destroyed, and its expensive and carefully designed fittings advertised

for sale. Mere destruction is seldom pleasant to witness, and the thought of men being paid to destroy and pull down what but yesterday other men had been paid to make and build up filled me with uneasy doubts as to the sanity of some of the most admired enterprises of human industry.

And then I went across to King Edward Street, and looked upon the new building in which the Post Office is now housed. Plain and efficient, it has the semblance of a factory; no one, I think, would claim much more for it architecturally. And it is to make way for this factory that the temple over the way is demolished. Remember, I do not say that it was a very fine temple, or of any very remarkable architectural merit; but it was grand and imposing in its conception. It was a temple, and not a factory. And, looking upon the two, it occurred to me that we are everywhere pulling down our temples and building up factories instead. The factories are more hygienic and convenient for the transaction of business, but the spirit of awe and reverence, of dignified enthusiasm in the purposes for which they were designed, is gone. The portal of Euston Station is no lovely object, but it is at least symbolic of the wonder with which man enters upon the exploration of a new world. Long may it stand to remind us that mankind was even in the nineteenth century able to be awed and solemnized by the thought of what the railway might mean, and imaginative enough to feel that an endless steel pathway that began

in the Euston Road and ended amid the bursting sprays of Holyhead Harbor should have a fitting gateway at either end: and long may it remain as an entirely suitable portal through which we approach the tangled mysteries and quaint survivals and superstitions of Euston Station.

If there is any building which should afford a modern opportunity for the symbolic expression of a great idea, it is surely the building which houses the central affairs of the Post Office. Imagination must soar high to envisage the huge circle that has its centre there. Think of the thousands of wires that converge there from all over the world, flying high over smoking chimneys by the gargoyles and pinnacles of cathedrals, through the high-streets of towns, over moorland roads, by the sea shore, under the ocean, thrilling with news, yet all silent and secret as they enter that deep chamber in the Post Office. Think of the carts and vans, the little men with little burdens of sacks and bags hurrying like ants in every direction, the lighted trains flying over the country, the men sitting in lighted boxes sorting and stamping letters, the ships shouldering through the cold grey of the Channel surges, their tracks all converging upon that spot in the middle of London. Consider these things, and say whether the Post Office should more fitly have the semblance of a factory or of a dream. We could not build a dream in the last century, but we at any rate made such puny gestures as we knew, to express our sense of grandeur and magnificence; now we have ceased even to attempt such gestures, and ask

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merely that things shall be perfectly suitable for their purpose. Maybe the new Post Office serves its direct purpose better than the old. But there is an indirect purpose. Man shall not live by bread alone; and the difference between the two is just that of living or not living by bread alone. Perhaps our age provides more bread than there used to be; but it is at least a question whether it is not better sometimes to be short of bread and have something else as well, than always to have a large supply of bread only, even though it be standard bread, on hand.

I understand that housebreaking on a large and highly organized scale is an entirely modern trade. The thing which it symbolizes is not very happy. There is no merit in pulling a thing down unless you are to put something better in its place. This area of dust and bricks and plaster, crashing falls of ruin, and ascending clouds of lime and smoke, placarded all over with the name of its demolisher, and the legend "Housebreaker," and with notices that the various parts are "for sale," seems to point the moral of our time—to pull down and to sell that which appeals to the imagination, and to put up instead that which can appeal only to common sense and material desire. One must not push the figure too far, or press pessimistic conclusions too hard; but there is at least some theme for reflection in this little scene enacted amid the commotion of London streets—reflection, perhaps, as to the relative importance of temples and factories in the life of man, and the peculiar disadvantages attendant on an undue preponderance of either.

Fuson Young.

THE CHINESE LETTER-FILE.

"Francesca," I said, "why do you stand there so silently? Can it be that you are dividing your swift mind now hither, now thither—that, in fact, you are doubting what to do?"

"You have guessed it," said Francesca. "I cannot decide where to put this letter."

"Is it an important letter?"

"It is," said Francesca: "most important."

"And you want to be certain of finding it again?"

"I do."

"Then why not put it in your pocket?"

"My pocket?" said Francesca.

"Yes," I said, "your pocket. Swing your left hand backwards, while you grasp your skirt with your right. Now screw your body to the left, at the same time dropping your head and shoulders until your forehead comes in contact with your heels. You now command your pocket and should be able to do what you like with it."

"Pockets," said Francesca, "are not meant for letters."

"Mine are; but we will let that pass. What about the mantelpiece?"

"Where the whole world could read it. Thank you."

"Then put it," I said, "in a vase. Things that are put in vases are always found again. Think of it, Francesca. Ten years hence you will make an incautious movement, and the vase will be dashed to the floor and broken into a hundred fragments. As you stoop to pick them up you will notice a piece of paper covered with dust, and you will realize that it is your dear old letter, left unanswered for one hundred-and-twenty months. You will call me to your side. We shall, so far as our years allow us, fly into one another's arms and mingle such tears as

are left to us; and we shall tell the touching story to all our friends. Francesca, if this prospect attracts you, put the letter in the vase."

"No," said Francesca, "I cannot bear to wait so long."

"In that case," I said, "let us mingle our tears at once and have done with it."

"And if you have no better suggestion to make," said Francesca, "pray let me think this question out for myself."

"No, Francesca," I said, "I will not. I have another plan. It has just occurred to me. It is an inspiration."

"If it is an inspiration," said Francesca, "I don't want to hear any more about it. I know your inspirations."

"Francesca," I said, "you flatter yourself. You do not know this one. Do you see that piece of furniture?"

"What, that old cupboard thing against the wall?"

"It is no cupboard," I said; "nor, indeed, is it old. I bought it six months ago. It is a solid and handsome—"

"It may be as solid and handsome as it likes, but what has it got to do with my letter?"

"Do not," I said, "be peevish. It has everything to do with your letter, for it is one of the best examples of the Chinese Letter-File and Bill-Repository, as used by Sun Yat Sen and all the other Young China patriots."

"Well," said Francesca, "I should have left it to them, if I'd been you. You didn't want it."

"Francesca," I said, "you are wrong. The printed description—I have it here—says, 'The Chinese Letter-File and Bill-Repository is a solid and handsome piece of furniture which will add greatly to the amenities of any gentleman's Study. It has a sliding front and is divided into separate compart-

ments, with numerous subdivisions for each letter of the alphabet. By an ingenious system of—' But perhaps I weary you."

"On the contrary," said Francesca, "you enthrall me."

"I will skip the ingenious system," I said, "but I must read the end:—'Such being the case, the Chinese Letter-File is undoubtedly the most complete as well as the cheapest file ever placed on the market.' What do you think of that, Francesca?"

"I think," said Francesca, "that some people are very easily taken in."

"But I have not mentioned the best part, Francesca," I said impressively, "it has been calculated that the Chinese Letter-File saves a busy man no less than two hours in every working day."

"But you're not a busy man," said Francesca. "You want your time spent, not saved."

"Francesca," I said, "it is in fumed oak. Now how could I resist fumed oak?"

"They are all in fumed oak," said Francesca. "The point is, have you ever used it?"

"Used it?" I said triumphantly. "I should think I have. I filed a letter in it ten days ago."

Punch.

"Then find that letter at once," said Francesca.

"Certainly," I said. "Observe how cleverly it works. I slide up the front—so. All the compartments are now disclosed—A, B, C, and so on. To each of these there are twenty sub-divisions. Now all you have to do is to remember the name of the writer of the letter. If it was 'Johnson' you will find the letter snugly tucked away in the layer labelled 'Jo,' and similarly for 'Smith' or 'Robinson.'"

"Or for the 'Archbishop of Canterbury' or 'Lord Willoughby de Broke,'" said Francesca; "but you haven't found your letter yet."

"No," I said, "not yet. But it is getting dark. Let us adjourn these proceedings till to-morrow."

"I want that letter now," said Francesca pitilessly.

"Francesca," I said, "I would do much in order to please you, but I must first recall the writer's name. It wasn't 'Toller' and it wasn't 'Wickham,' and it wasn't 'Barton'—I'm sure of that. 'Woodbridge'? No; there's no letter from 'Woodbridge.' The fact is you have talked too much. You have driven the name out of my head."

"Thanks," said Francesca. "I don't think I'll use the Chinese Letter-File."

R. C. L.

WHAT LESSONS SHOULD BE DRAWN FROM THE BALKAN WAR?

By the armistice signed between the three Slav combatants and the Turks, the war, which had already come to a sort of natural stale-mate before the fortresses of Constantinople, Adrianople, and Scutari, was brought to a formal standstill by agreement. The Greeks (who are still picking up islands) refused to sign, which leaves the situation strangely complicated. But on the whole this pause is an im-

mense relief, for the losses in these two months have been so terrible both by battle and by disease that neither the Turks nor the Bulgars, nor even the Serbs, are likely to desire a renewal of hostilities. It is one of the misfortunes of the situation that loan-mongers will be very active, offering accommodation at usurious rates, and the impoverished belligerents will probably be only too ready to pay through

the nose for ready money. We should strongly advise them, however, to be content for the present with short-term borrowing, and to postpone the issue of large loans until a complete settlement has been achieved.

Assuming that Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece, as a result of this war, all gain large accessions of territory, can it be said that the war has been morally and economically justifiable? The same question has been put as to Italy's war for Tripoli, and in that case we can see no possibility of answering in the affirmative. The rapid success of the Balkan confederates puts their achievement almost on a par with that of Prussia in 1866, and public opinion (which often takes hasty and shallow views) is probably disposed to regard victory in this case also as its own justification. Everyone will admit that the Turks deserve to lose at least all that portion of Europe in which the Mohammedan population was in a minority, and few will deny that the Balkan States have established a claim to those territories of which they became possessed under the Treaty of San Stefano only to be deprived by the Treaty of Berlin. But the claim of the Balkan States depends, we submit, for its moral and political value not so much on a temporary success in war as upon the proved superiority of their Government in peace, and upon the fact that the new territories which they acquire will be peopled mainly by a race similar in language and religion to their own. We are not such fanatical admirers of the Balkan League as to desire to see large Mohammedan populations placed under their gentle rule, nor should we wish Greek districts to be subjected to Slav rule, or Slav districts to Greek rule, or Albanian districts to the rule of either Greeks or Slavs. The great Jewish and Mohammedan community of Salonica should

certainly not be one of the spoils of war. The Balkans for the Balkan peoples is a good formula, because it is fair and reasonable and promises a permanent settlement.

But let us beware of the assumption so easily and so generally made that this was an inevitable war, which no human wisdom could profitably have avoided. That view is entirely false, for the war was the result of the joint unwisdom of three parties (practised for more than three decades), namely, the Turks, the Balkan Confederates, and the Great Powers, among whom the blame may be distributed in different shares according to the sympathy and judgment of the critic. Our own view is that, had any one of these three parties displayed wisdom and energy at any time since the Treaty of Berlin, this war would have been prevented. Thrace, Macedonia, and Epirus would have been comparatively prosperous, and various districts would have been united gradually to those States to which they have most racial and political affinities. Let us take the parties in order. First the Turks. Under the old Turks, of course, the whole theory and purpose of Government was to prevent reform and to sow dissension among the different races whom their miserable rule impoverished and oppressed. But with the arrival of the Young Turks there seemed to be a prospect of reform. For a few months the Christian population hoped for better things. The Young Turks sent emissaries over Europe, and especially to London, in search of counsel. They got some good advice from a few disinterested and philanthropic persons, and plenty of bad advice from others who were more interested and less philanthropic. The armament interests worked the Embassies with great skill, and soon the bones of Young Turkey were picked bare. In the end Britain lent an ad-

miral to reorganize the navy, Germany a general to reorganize the army, while all the Powers pushed for armament and war contracts. Thus the Young Turks were diverted from real reforms into the broad and easy path of military and naval bankruptcy. Rotting bridges and impassable roads remained unrepaired; the debt grew, taxes increased. An attempt to impose universal conscription led to a formidable rising in Albania. Much treasure and many soldiers were lost in expeditions to coerce the tribes around Mecca. Dishonesty and corruption and inefficiency continued in the public services. And so when the Balkan States dropped their feuds to invade Turkey the courage and endurance of the Turkish troops availed nothing. They could not fight well without food or ammunition. If Germany and Britain had lent the Turkish Government Prussian honesty and English commonsense instead of a general and an admiral, Turkey in Europe would to-day have been strong and prosperous.

So much for the Turks. Then as to the Powers. It is certain that the Concert of Europe was honorably bound by the Berlin Treaty to compel reforms in Macedonia. It is equally certain that those obligations were never fulfilled. Perhaps the most serious effort in that direction was made by Lord Lansdowne in 1904-5. But it was dropped on the advent of the Young Turks. What game the Concert and its Ambassadors played then and thereafter we have already indicated.

Lastly, there is the Balkan League. The four little Christian Powers had been so bitter against one another, so jealous and suspicious since the disappointment following San Stefano, that they only came to terms last June. It is clear that they could and should have agreed long before. They should

have sunk their small differences in the face of the common oppressor. And having once agreed, they should have brought to bear the force of their united diplomacy upon both the Powers and the Porte. Instead of so doing they rushed headlong into war. It will be long indeed before new territory and prestige console the widows and girls of Bulgaria and Serbia for the ruin of their homes and their lives.

The first lesson, then, to be drawn from the Balkan war is that all these hideous sufferings and atrocities would have been avoided if Turkey had been capable of self-reformation, or if the Powers, in conformity with their solemn obligations and promises, had forced reformation upon Turkey, or if the Bulgarians, Serbs, and Greeks, instead of sending out bands to plunder and murder in Macedonia, had combined years ago, and exercised diplomatic pressure and addressed constant appeal to public opinion in England, Western Europe, and the United States.

The second lesson is that countries which surrender themselves to armaments will be ruined by armaments. The practice of conscription seems particularly well adapted to national suicide. It was an attempt to enforce compulsory service, as we saw, which started the train of events that ruined Turkey. In Bulgaria the endurance and courage of the army seem to deserve all the praise that has been showered upon it, but the very efficiency of the conscription system and of the mobilization is a source of weakness. It is reported, and we fear, it is probable, that 60,000 men, probably one-sixth or one-seventh of the total manhood of the country, are actually dead after two months of modern warfare. The losses were so appalling that the old men, women, and children left at home were not allowed

to receive any news of the fallen. If another 40,000 are wounded or incapacitated for life, that will mean a reduction of Bulgaria's manhood by something like one-fourth in two months! We do not know what may be the cause of the Servians, but there is little wonder that the Bulgarians were anxious for an armistice. We feel pretty sure that if the people of Bulgaria had been told beforehand what they would gain and what they would lose, they could not have been tempted into this war. The task of the Servians and the Greeks has been comparatively easy; their sufferings will be much smaller and their gains may be considerable. But it is quite certain that the preparations for the war and the war itself have thrown a financial burden upon all these Governments which will prove most oppressive in the future. And it is by no means impossible that the great armament firms, by united pressure, will be able to saddle these poor little countries with an even greater annual burden than they endured before the war broke out; if so, their progress in the next few years will be sadly slow. Our earnest hope is that Sir Edward Grey will take long rather than short views in this settlement. It is clearly undesirable that the Spanish-speaking Jews and Mussulmans, who form a large majority of the population of Salonika, should be subjected to the rule either of Greeks or Bulgars. It is clearly desirable, in the interests of Greeks, Bulgars, and Serbs (who are not likely to be a very happy family) that their territories should, as far as possible, be divided from one another by strips of neutral soil. Moreover, Turkey will be in a far better position to recuperate, and her creditors will have far greater security if the chief ports and railways are neutralized and the Customs services kept under trustworthy Euro-

pean control. The two watchwords of the settlement should be the Balkans for the Balkan people (involving, of course, home rule for Albania), and the policy of the open door for commerce with Macedonia and Thrace. We should like to see some concerted action taken by the Concert of Europe on behalf of their European creditors, to check, as far as possible, the growth of military and naval ambitions. There is a model in the Treaty which saved Chili and Argentina. "Do as we say, but not as we do," is the sort of sermon which the wise Cabinets of Western Europe might preach to Sofia, Athens, and Belgrade.

We are not in the least surprised that the National Service League should have fallen into a paroxysm of excitement as a result of the Bulgarian victories. If the victories had been won by the Turks, as our military experts anticipated, the excitement would have been as acute, and the enthusiasm would have been much greater; the same moral would have been drawn. As the Bulgarians have beaten the Turks, we ought to introduce compulsory military service into England, says Lord Curzon. That was also the motive of Lord Roberts' attack on the Territorials, and Lord Middleton, who, as Mr. Brodrick, was responsible for our Army and War Office under the late Government, begs the Liberal Government to fall in with the desire of the War Office and of the military advisers of the Crown. If the Liberal party will impose conscription it will meet with generous treatment from the Opposition, says Lord Middleton, and we may add that it will entirely disappear from political life. We venture to think that Mr. Bonar Law and the Marquis of Lansdowne are much too alive to popular feeling on the subject to identify themselves with the agitation of Lord Curzon, Lord Roberts, Lord Milner, and Lord Middleton; but

it is just as well to point out at this stage that the defeat of one conscriptionist nation on the Continent by another, supplies not an ounce of additional weight to whatever arguments may have previously existed for inflicting compulsory service upon the inhabitants of these islands. The Government, however, is only too ready to yield to what was no doubt the real object of this demonstration—*i.e.*, to increase still further the expenditure upon the Army. It is only a few weeks since the National Liberal Federation urged on the Government the duty of retracing its steps; our war expenditure in time of peace is already a national disgrace and a menace both to property and labor. The fact that Lord Haldane cherished inflated and grandiose schemes for landing an army of 160,000 men on the Continent—schemes which we hope no sane statesman any longer indulges in—is surely no reason whatever for handing over more taxes to a War Office which is

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said to be as luxurious as that of the United States, and as inefficient as that of Turkey. If Lord Roberts and his friends really desire efficiency in the Army, why did they not introduce efficiency, and compulsion for that matter, when they were in power? Or, again, if they really desire efficiency, why do they not ask that the system of jobbery and patronage should be put an end to, and a new system of economy, efficiency, and promotion by merit be introduced in its stead? We could mention many cases in which admirable results have been obtained by local patriotism and by the application of business methods to the organization of the Territorial Force. But the ways of the War Office do not allow of market value for money expended, and we shall absolutely oppose a Secretary for War who attempts, after the manner of Mr. Winston Churchill, to trample on the principles which helped him into office and power.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The latest additions to the Tudor Shakespeare (The Macmillan Co.) are "Measure for Measure," edited by Professor Edgar C. Morris of Syracuse University, and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" edited by Professor Martin W. Sampson of Cornell University. Each volume is furnished with an Introduction, Notes, a Glossary and a list of Textual Variants. The books are attractively printed and bound, with decorated cover-linings, and are published at the surprisingly low price of thirty-five cents a volume.

"The New Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff," translated from the French by Mary J. Safford (Dodd, Mead & Co.) supplements the candid self-disclosures

of the journals which attracted so much attention a few years ago by selections from earlier journals, hitherto unpublished. In these selections it is Marie the girl of from twelve to fifteen who writes, but with the same frankness, and the same appalling self-concentration, and a certain precocity of emotion which is at times amusing and at times disheartening.

The group of essays contained in John Burroughs' latest volume "Time and Change," embodies in the main the author's reflections upon what he calls "the long road of evolution" and especially upon the geological evidences on which that theory partly rests. The author is haunted by an apprehension

that his readers may find the book somewhat stiffer reading than they are in the habit of expecting from him, and his apprehension is not altogether groundless: but he keeps his charm of style, whatever subject he discourses upon and a great deal of himself,—of his most serious study and reflection—has gone to the making of this little book. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Readers who felt the charm of Florence Morse Kingsley's sweet and simple story of "The Transfiguration of Miss Phillura" will welcome the sequel "Miss Phillura's Wedding Gown." The earlier story left the simple-hearted heroine, who had fancied herself too old and too plain to win any one's love, the betrothed of the village pastor; the present story carries her to the next stage in her romance,—the wedding on Thanksgiving Day,—and, in particular, tells how precisely the sort of wedding-gown which she had dreamed of and longed for, comes to her out of the "Encircling Good." Another little romance blends with hers and reaches a similarly happy conclusion. Dodd, Mead & Co.

To the long and brilliant series of volumes descriptive of the art galleries of Europe, which L. C. Page & Co. publish, there has been added one on "The Art of the Uffizi Palace and the Florence Academy" by Charles C. Heyl, which is one of the most important and interesting of the group. Mr. Heyl possesses, in a rare degree, the art of infusing the element of personal interest into his descriptions and criticisms. He is concerned not merely with the technique of art, but with the history and environment of the artists, the times in which they lived, and the ideas which they attempted to express. More than most books of its kind, this has atmosphere and reality; and the reader gains from it an appre-

ciation of the significance, personal and historic, of the splendid works of art which are described. Fifty full-page plates in duogravure illustrate the book.

The six lectures contained in Bliss Perry's "The American Mind" were given upon the E. T. Earl foundation at the Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley, California, at the Lowell Institute, Boston, and elsewhere under the title "American Traits in American Literature." The more condensed title was chosen for publication, but the earlier one is more accurately descriptive, for it is chiefly, although not wholly, in American literature that Professor Perry finds the expression and development of American traits. His study of these traits, of the qualities which make the typical American, of his radicalism and idealism, of his romantic temper, of his restlessness, of his humor and satire, and of his transition from individualism to fellowship is keen, subtle and discriminating, tolerant and just. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A peculiar personal and poetic interest attaches to "Shadows of the Flowers," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company in a slender crown octavo volume. The fifty passages from Mr. Aldrich's poems which are here grouped were selected by Mrs. Aldrich in response to a request for a list of the flowers mentioned by him, in order that the garden of the Memorial at Portsmouth might possess every flower so mentioned. Mrs. Aldrich found, as she made the selections, that there was a certain unanticipated sequence in them, which gave them meaning not only with reference to the changing seasons of the year but those of the poet's life. In the present volume, these selections are interpreted by two

artists, Carl J. Nordell and Talbot Aldrich, in a series of charming pencil drawings which make a book of delicate beauty.

In the form of a Christmas booklet, but conveying a lesson which should outlast many Christmas seasons comes Mrs. Caroline Abbot Stanley's story of "The First Church's Christmas Barrel" (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.). It is a story of a barrel filled with stuff not fit for a rummage sale, which was sent by a rich eastern church to a needy home missionary family in the west, without any regard to the family's needs, and without even the freight charges prepaid. The luckless missionary, whose salary was far in arrears, and who had to use the money laid aside for his children's Christmas candy to pay the freight, received the barrel with high hopes, which changed to despair as he and his wife took from it one worthless thing after another. How the church at home was taught its lesson and what came of it is told by the author in a way to compel both smiles and tears. There are three clever illustrations by Gayle Porter Hoskins.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the value or the attractiveness of "The Home Book of Verse," edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson and published by Henry Holt & Co. It is not only the latest and most up-to-date of anthologies, but much the largest and most comprehensive. It contains more than three thousand poems, filling, with the indexes, 3,742 pages; yet the use of India paper has made it possible to present this mass of material in a volume not too large or heavy for comfortable reading. The poems are clearly printed, a single column to a page. The editor's aim has been to bring together the best short poems, American and English, from the time of Spenser until now; and to add poems

which have enjoyed a wide popularity and which express true sentiment, even by writers little known or unknown. There are no fragments: every poem is complete, and the collection is therefore primarily a lyrical anthology. The range of selection is the widest and attests both the accuracy and the scope of the editor's taste. The selections are grouped, not chronologically, but by subjects. A unique feature is the inclusion, in an appendix, of some of the most famous poems in other languages of which translations appear earlier in the book. Among these are "Dies Irae," "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," Bernard's "Urbs Syon Aurea," Luther's "Ein Feste Burg," "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "La Marseillaise."

One of the book year's most delightful offerings is a new edition of "The Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith," by D. M. Moir, which is published by A. C. McClurg and Co. The distinguishing feature of the book in its present form is its illustration by reproductions in color from oil paintings by Charles Martin Hardie, R. S. A. Even those readers who delight in Crulkshank's plates which illustrated the first printing of the book will be satisfied with Mr. Hardie's treatment of the characters. One of the most charming pictures shows Mansie's wife in the door of his tailoring shop. Above the door we see the famous sign "painted by James Batter" with the painted scissors on one end and the picture of the jacket on the other, in contemplation of which Mansie and Nance were wont to slip out in the dark of the night with a lantern. In most cases the illustrations are portraits; among them are Mungo Glen, Thomas Burlings, James Batter and Mansie himself the first day he wore his regimentals. It is a rare pleasure to follow the course of Mansie's life, to meet his

neighbors and to wander from one leisurely page to another with the assurance of finding everywhere some racy turn of speech and delicious situation. Mansie is a unique character, one whose duplicate it would be difficult to find in literature. The publishers are to be congratulated for calling the attention of book-lovers once more to the interesting tailor of Dalkeith.

In a volume on "Greek Literature" published by the Columbia University Press, are contained a series of lectures which were delivered at Columbia University in the spring of 1911. The general purpose of the lectures was to demonstrate the universality and permanent power of Greek literature. This underlying idea gives a sufficient unity to the course, although the different departments of the subject,—epic and lyric poetry, tragedy, comedy, history, oratory, philosophy, etc.—are treated by ten different lecturers. If something is lost by an occasional traversing of the same ground, more is gained through the presentation of the subject from different points of view. The contributors to the series are Professors Paul Shorey and Henry W. Prescott of the University of Chicago, Edward Delavan Perry, J. R. Wheeler, Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, and Gonzalez Lodge of Columbia, Herbert Weir Smyth of Harvard, Edward Capps of Princeton, Bernadotte Perrin of Yale, and Charles Forster Smith of the University of Wisconsin.

The Young Churchman Company of Milwaukee publishes in an attractive volume of "Travel Pictures" two series of letters in which Dr. van Allen, rector of the Church of the Advent, Boston, recorded his impressions and experiences in European travel in 1909 and 1911. Dr. van Allen writes in the most sunny temper; he enjoyed his

tours exceedingly and describes them, and the people whom he met and the places which he saw, with an engaging enthusiasm which the reader will find contagious. This is as far as possible from the conventional book of travel; it is more like a budget of personal letters, spontaneous and full of human interest. The pages are decorated with colored borders and are illustrated with eighty or more pictures from photographs.

The good old fashioned melodramatic novel, narrowly, but plausibly, escaping impossibility in every chapter, is revived by Mr. Louis Joseph Vance in his "The Destroying Angel," but with this difference: its scene is contemporary New York, the city in which the pomps of Nineveh and Tyre, the plots of Venice, and the whirl of London are daily rivalled in the day's record of passing events. To indicate this so delicately, yet so incisively as to give the reader a clear vision of the metropolis, without dwarfing the actors in the play passing before him requires no slight skill, but Mr. Vance is fully equipped for the task. His attitude agreeably blends tolerance and whimsicality, and he reserves the mystery of his plot until the reader has repeatedly despaired of solving it. The characters include a dramatic manager who imitates Mr. Hammerstein; a young lawyer who swiftly flings himself from one amazing situation to another; a sententious and efficient Chinese servant; a wonderful actress; a defaulter unsuspected for years, and a retired detective, still following the game for the love of it. Shipwrecks, a secret marriage, assassinations, both successful and thwarted, are among the incidents thrown in for good measure, and the reader accepts them all and wishes the tale were twice as long. Little, Brown and Co.